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## Contents


The Week ..... 57

Editorials

The Meaning of Sanctions ..... 59
What Happened in Britain ..... 60
Fixing the Blame at C.R. ..... 62

General Articles

Civilized History ..... Lewis Mumford 63
Austria and the Ethiopian War ..... M. W. Fodor 66
Ipse Dixit (verse) ..... Conrad Aiken 68
Business Prefers Racketeers ..... Edward Levinson 69
Queries from the Hills ..... Charles A. Beard 71
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 71
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 73
The Picture of the "Bounty" ..... Otis Ferguson 74

Correspondence ..... 75

Historical Dramatical ..... Stark Young 77

Books in Review

Toward Collectivism? ..... Louis M. Hacker 78
Action and Charity ..... Louise Bogan 79
A Hemingway You'll Never Be ..... T. S. Matthews 79
Imperial America ..... Phillips Bradley 80
Pound as Critic ..... T. C. Wilson 80
Death Row ..... Howard Baker 81
Fitch the Forgotten ..... Lewis Mumford 82
The Lesson of the Master ..... Morton Dauwen Zabel 82
Books in Brief ..... 82


## The Week

ARRIVAL this week of the date officially set by the League of Nations for applying economic sanctions was met in Italy by the proclamation of a holiday to unify national resistance to the measures. The Fascist Grand Council, meeting in Rome, solemnly declared, "November 18, 1935, will be remembered as a date of ignominy and inequity in the history of the world." Meanwhile in Ethiopia, the Italian armies, while still generally victorious, were meeting with more active resistance as they drew nearer the country's great central plateau. Discontent with the progress thus far was thought to have something to do with a change in the Italian high command. General Emilio de Bono, voluble veteran of the march on Rome in 1923 and personal friend of Mussolini, was recalled to Italy to be promoted to the rank of Marshal and retired from field service. His place as commander-in-chief of the Italian armies was taken by General Pietro Badoglio, World War veteran who remained [illegible] and is now regarded as Italy's ablest soldier. Badoglio, originally a monarchist sympathizer and close friend of the House of Savoy, is the man generally credited with having blocked a plan to have Mussolini enthroned as emperor in 1927, and his present appointment may ultimately prove to be of far-reaching political importance.

THE British general elections resulted in the expected Conservative victory, although the topheavy Government majority was reduced and the Labor Party made even greater gains in the percentage of popular vote than the actual number of parliamentary seats captured would indicate. The election was taken as a mandate to the Baldwin government to carry out its extensive rearmament program, and it was thought that after the elapse of an interval to preserve decent appearances, Britain would resume direct negotiations with Italy for a settlement of the African situation. Meanwhile, difficulties for Britain herself on that continent arose with the outbreak of repeated and bloody nationalist riots in Egypt. The riots apparently were led by students who chafe under the virtual protectorate that Great Britain exercises over Egypt, and who demand a new constitution that grants some real as well as nominal sovereignty. They were also stimulated by the fact that in the decisions relating to League action against Italy, representatives of the Egyptian people were not consulted before their government took action, although if they had been, they would undoubtedly have approved the action.

CHINA continued to be a focal point of grave international danger as Japanese militarists moved to support by force of arms a declaration of autonomy by the provinces of North China—a move now regarded as imminent—and there was a counter tendency among diverse military leaders in China to unite to offer armed resistance to any such development. Anti-Fascist sentiment in France increased as a result of riots at Limoges on Sunday during which members of the Croix de Feu fired upon and critically wounded a number of Socialists who were picketing a mobilization of the local unit of the Croix de Feu. Germany proclaimed new and severe regulations against the Jews, further depriving them of [illegible]

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and restricting further any business, social or marital relations between Germans and Jews.

AMERICAN interest in the week's developments centered around the signing of reciprocal trade agreements with the Dominion of Canada. Business interests were further cheered this week by President Roosevelt's announced intention of pruning a half-billion dollars from the next budget, and an intimation from Secretary of Commerce Roper and others in the administration that the present "breathing spell" for business would continue indefinitely. Market speculators took a good deep breath as stock prices rose to the highest levels since 1931, although there was some misgiving as to whether these rises were really justified by the business outlook or were due to a preliminary whiff of credit-inflationary gas. Politics boiled up this week with anti-administration speeches by President Hoover and Senator Borah. Governor Olson of Minnesota made his first public appearance in the East to speak before a meeting of the Commonwealth Federation of New York and to aid in the development of what its sponsors hope will grow into an effective new party looking toward an eventual replacement of capitalism with a system of production for use.

ON Friday, November 15, in the presence of Vice President Garner and Secretary of War Dern, the independence of the Philippine Commonwealth was formally proclaimed and Manuel Quezon was inaugurated as its first President. Thus began the ten-year probationary period that will end in the full and final liquidation of America's most ambitious experiment in imperialism. Satisfaction over this redemption of repeated pledges was tempered by knowledge of the shameless barter and bickering that preceded the authorization of independence, the knowledge that financial interests in the United States were willing to let go of the Islands only when they became convinced that they had become a liability rather than an asset, and a realization of the depth and seriousness of the economic plight of the Philippine Commonwealth. Her natural resources were developed almost entirely as a feeder to the American economy, and now that economy, embarrassed by an excess of supply that threatens the all-precious profits, is willing to turn the Philippines adrift in the Pacific.

SIGNING of the reciprocal tariff agreements between the United States and Canada is one of the most hopeful developments in international trade relations since the onset of worldwide depression. One of the first effects of that depression was a rush to raise high, nationalistic tariff barriers all over the earth, a policy carried out enthusiastically on this continent by the administrations of President Hoover and Premier Bennett. That such moves

out by The New Republic and in many other quarters. The intervening years saw exports from the United States to Canada drop from $899,000,000 in 1929 to $302,000,000 in 1934, a reduction of 66 percent, while imports from Canada were dropping in the same period from $503,000,000 to $232,000,000, or 54 percent. The two countries, by geography and similarity of cultures, are natural markets for each other, and in fact each is the second largest customer of the other—the United Kingdom being number-one customer in both cases. Over the expected howls of some interests on both sides of the border who think they are being hurt, it is pointed out that the present reductions merely restore the approximate levels of 1930, that quota restrictions still apply to forest and agricultural products coming into the United States and that the onerous provisions for arbitrary valuations in the Canadian schedules have been removed. Complaints are coming from some agricultural and forestry interests in the United States, and some manufacturing interests in Canada, but on the whole the trade agreements negotiated by President Roosevelt and Premier King are meeting with deserved approval in both countries.

THE long awaited Japanese drive for a protectorate over north China seems about to be consummated. A minor Chinese general, Sung Cheh-yuan, has been selected to head the new state, which will include Hopei and Chahar. A semi-autonomous status will perhaps be given to Shantung under its present ruler, General Han Fu-chu. The Shanghai Chinese, in particular, have been strongly aroused by this fresh evidence of Japanese aggression, and all China seems stirred to an untraditional sense of national unity. Through the official Japanese news agency, however, the Japanese army authorities in Manchuria have given notice that any resistance by China will be followed by immediate invasion. The real policies and objectives of Chiang Kai-shek are difficult to fathom, but up to the present, at any rate, he has consistently refused to risk war with Japan. It is possible that a local incident, like the brilliant but fruitless defense of Shanghai in 1932 by the Nineteenth Route Army, might force him into a show of opposition to Japan. Otherwise, it is likely that he will remain passive, and that Japan will add an immense, rich area to its possessions.

THE Italo-Ethiopian war undoubtedly supplies the reason why Japan has chosen the present moment to strike. The British fleet is engaged in the Mediterranean, and Japan believes that England is unlikely to protest while the European situation remains uncertain. Both England and America, however, have substantial commercial interests in north China. In the next few months, as the Japanese begin slowly shutting the Open Door in their new puppet state, the outcries from British and American business men are certain to be loud. Mr.

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dicate that he is prepared to go to great lengths to avoid the risk of a Far Eastern war. Nevertheless, it will probably require a high degree of courage on his part to withstand the pressure from business men in favor of an aggressive policy. The attitude of the Tory Cabinet in England seems curiously mixed. Apparently the Tories would like to see a strong and prosperous Japan in the Far East as a counter-weight to the influence of the United States and Russia. But they are finally beginning to suspect that a Japan which is too strong and prosperous threatens the whole British position in Asia. Once Japan has absorbed north China, it will be only a question of time and opportunity before it moves down into the Yangtze valley. If Japan should ever succeed in displacing British banks and trading companies in Shanghai, the blow to England's prestige would seriously weaken her grip upon India.

IN The New Republic of November 20, following the article "Funny Business in Baltimore," there was printed a note by the editors stating that in the utilities holding-company case Judge Coleman, before making his decision, had heard "the arguments of the counsel representing the companies, but not the argument of any government attorney." This was not true. The fact, as correctly shown in the article, is that while the government had no standing as a party, and so lacked the rights that only parties have in the conduct and appeal of litigation, it did present arguments as a "friend of the court."

## The Meaning of Sanctions

THIS WEEK the majority of the nations of the world begin the attempt to compel Italy to give up her warfare against the Ethiopians by applying economic strangulation. Italy is probably more vulnerable to such measures than any other power with pretensions to military strength. If the League embargoes are faithfully carried out by the nations that have undertaken them, and are not undermined by the non-participating nations, the economic ruin of Italy, already begun by Fascist policy, should be complete within a year.

The principal nations that are not parties to this effort of the world community are Germany, Austria, Hungary, Japan, Brazil and the United States. Of these, by far the most important to Mussolini under the circumstances is this country. Austria has few resources of her own and is of use chiefly as a gateway from Germany and Hungary. Germany herself is suffering from a shortage of materials and will extend little aid. Hungary is a source of certain foodstuffs, but not of much else. Brazil cannot supply the things that Italy most needs, and in any case does not bulk large in Italian trade. Japan is a long way off. The United States has embargoed credits and "implements of war," but no cle[illegible] is the pressure of Great Britain and that

necessary to Italian arms and cannot be obtained in sufficient quantities anywhere else—petroleum and gasoline, cotton, steel and its products, scrap iron, other metals, chemicals, possibly even coal and foodstuffs.

There is already strong pressure to swing the United States into line with the League. As the participating nations begin to feel the sacrifices involved in the loss of Italian trade—sanctions of course are a two-edged sword—and as it becomes increasingly apparent that the United States is Italy's chief source of supply and hence is prolonging the Ethiopian war and the losses of the League members, this pressure will increase. The administration has already gone as far as it dares under existing law by warning Americans not to use the belligerents' ships and notifying those who sell anything to them that they do so at their own risk. (For belligerents, read, of course, Italy.) Ought the United States to go farther and become a full participant in the sanctions system?

The New Republic has from the very day of the announcement of the terms of the Versailles Treaty opposed America's entry into the League of Nations. It has done so chiefly on the ground that membership in the League, so long as the Covenant contained Article XVI, might oblige us to apply sanctions against some other nation or group of nations. The logic of our position has been developed, in brief, as follows. The peace of 1919 was not a stable peace. It embodied grievous injustices and left large groups unsatisfied. It established economic absurdities, which would hamper world prosperity. Economic breakdown would some day intensify irritation and hostility. Imperialism would remain dominant in such a world. One or more nations would be led, justly or unjustly, to challenge the status quo by force of arms. In that case the League Covenant, if it amounted to anything, would be used to protect the status quo. Economic sanctions would, unless the unruly were weak, almost surely lead to military sanctions. Members of the League would be obligated to take part in suppressing the unruly by war. The old disastrous system of alliances and conflicting ambitions would reappear under the sanctimonious garb of the League, and would lead to the same old tragedy.

Has anything occurred to alter this conclusion? Let us see. It is necessary to give the League supporters their due. The system of government in Italy and the character of its dictator are such that they deserve the detestation and distrust of civilized persons everywhere. The war in Africa is unashamed imperialism of the worst type. So far as one can now foresee, economic sanctions are not in this case likely to be challenged by armed resistance, and hence will probably not lead to war of the ordinary kind against Italy. It is true, of course, that one great reason for the activity of the League

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caused by the imperialism of an ambitious rival. The motives of the members of the Society of Nations are not wholly pure. Nevertheless there is widespread support for the League's action on the ground that it is a safeguard against future disturbance of European peace. If a strong enough demonstration is made in this case, Germany and her potential allies may be deterred from carrying out their well known plans to attack the Baltic states, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and the Soviet Union. If the Reichswehr leaders were sure that a future war could not be localized as they wish, and that Britain and France would solidly support any others who were attacked, those leaders might hesitate and veer toward a policy of conciliation. This is the explanation of the pro-League policy of the Soviet Union. It wants, if possible, to give Germany pause. If war comes in spite of all, it wants the help of western allies. It is also in large part the explanation of the pro-League policy of the forces of the left elsewhere. Nothing is more likely in the uncertain course of human events than that the present rulers of Germany will attack on the east when they are ready, if they think they will be free from trouble on the west.

In our opinion, however, the chances of avoiding a future European war by successful action against Italy now are pretty slim. The defeat of Italy and the possibility of Mussolini's elimination would be a distinct gain on the road to world peace. It would be a warning to Hitler. But there is no assurance that Nazi Germany—if it remains Nazi—may not become so desperate, and her strength so menacing, that war will not be precipitated in any case. And there is a strong probability that in spite of their action this time, the British Conservatives will not know, and will not let it be known, what they will do if Germany does strike. They will play first with one side and then with the other, as they did before 1914. They will try to conciliate the Germans as they have already done by the naval agreement, without going so far as to lose the friendship of France. They will shrink to the very last from casting their lot definitely with Communist Russia. In any case, a status that can be maintained only by the threat of overwhelming force must be impermanent.

There is, of course, the slim chance that the victors in the last war will be able peacefully to satisfy Germany to such an extent that she will cease to be a potential aggressor. That chance, however, depends almost certainly on the chance of Hitler's fall, because no important territorial changes could be made in Europe without war, and Hitler clearly wants European territory rather than colonies. And would Britain or the others concerned restore to Germany any colonies that would satisfy her? It takes a high estimate of the intelligence of imperialists to suppose so.

We come then, to the dark conclusion that a new Germany will probably attack. The attack, however, may occur no matter how strong the League may grow. The League would serve principally as a means of enlarging the anti-German alliance. Our fears regarding the peace treaty and its consequences are by way of being justified by events. If the chief American aim is to keep out of another world war, rather than embarking on the almost desperate attempt to preserve general peace, that aim cannot be served by associating ourselves with the League and its sanctions.

The question recurs whether this country can remain neutral in another general conflict. That question has received extensive discussion in our pages. Our judgment is that neutrality is impossible if we follow the old line of trading with belligerents and trying to maintain freedom of the seas. Neutrality is possible only if we embargo virtually all trade with both parties. We can do so in the present case and, incidentally, help the League. Further legislation or independent labor action to achieve this end is highly desirable. If the law and the principle are kept clear, that would imply, in a general war, something quite different. It would imply helping neither the League nor its enemies, but on the contrary injuring both severely. It would also mean serious injury to ourselves. Would those who would suffer be willing to pay the cost? Would cotton, oil, steel and the rest consent? It is worth while to try whether the policy can be followed in this minor test. If it cannot, then neutrality also is a blind alley, and we can do little in the near future but hope for the best under the chance of a blind fate, knowing that the only sure protection against war would be a world of socialist nations. We can do our best to achieve that essential change and to postpone war as long as we can while striving for it.

# What Happened in Britain

AFTER a languid and uneventful contest, the British electorate has given to Mr. Baldwin's administration a second lease of power. He chose his opposition with the unobtrusive shrewdness that distinguishes this simple man. For some weeks he was undecided whether he should seize this chance: his scruples became the gentleman, the sportsman and the democrat. In the end he took the gift the gods provided: his decision did credit to the party leader. He waited until the opposition, with an excess of chivalry, had provided him its unqualified support in his Ethiopian policy. He then challenged to mortal combat an adversary who had thrown away his sword. The result of this adroit maneuver has fulfilled every reasonable expectation. The electorate, as the abnormally low poll proves, was but mildly interested in a struggle between two parties who agreed on the central issue. It has fol-

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This handicap, which the Labor Party had artlessly inflicted on itself, was not its only disability. It went into this struggle without a leader. Mr. George Lansbury may not rank among the foremost intellects in English politics, but he is loved by the masses beyond any leader of our times. This simple old man possesses an unmistakable moral bigness; his sincerity disarms opponents, and the workers feel that he is one of themselves. His resignation on the eve of the election was a disheartening blow for the party, for its rank and file, while hesitating to adopt his Christian pacifism, had uncomfortable promptings of instinct which told it that the veteran might after all be right. It was a disconcerting discovery that at least two other prominent leaders, Lord Ponsonby and Sir Stafford Cripps, albeit on different grounds, were no less opposed to the use of sanctions against Italy. The death at this moment of Mr. Arthur Henderson broke an emotional link with the past, and left the party without a familiar face among its generals, for Mr. Attlee lacks the stature for this rank and is hardly known outside the House of Commons.

But the chief gain that Mr. Baldwin received from the Ethopian affair was its overshadowing of domestic questions. In vain did the Labor Party, aided though it was by the wit of Mr. Lloyd George and the acid polemics of Lord Snowden, direct attention to the government's inertia at home, its complacency in face of the problem of unemployment, its neglect of the "derelict" areas, and of the crisis in the coal mines. It is characteristic of the English electorate that it will think of only one thing at a time. On this occasion zeal for the League of Nations consumed it, and it was adroitly persuaded to arm itself for the service of peace. With brand-new battleships and seventy cruisers it is convinced that it can establish the sanctity of the Covenant. The flank of the Labor Party was turned till its pleas for disarmament seemed a treason to Geneva.

With conditions so adverse, it is astonishing that in fact the Labor Party did so well. Its gain of something under a hundred seats furnishes no measure of its real strength. The rough majority system, which in Europe survives only in the British Isles, breaks down when three parties are in the field. The real test of opinion is to be sought in the total votes cast for the several parties. On the figures available, which are not seriously incomplete, slightly over ten million votes were recorded for the Conservatives, and well over eight million for Labor. Yet the former hold 381 seats, and the latter only 153. Any fair system of proportional representation would have given the Conservatives approximately 290 seats and the Labor Party 232.

The Liberals' poll is not ascertainable from the cabled figures, but it is probable that they suffered even more severely from the rough justice of this archaic system of voting, and were [illegible] election their numbers dwindle, and the probability is that on the next occasion, save in rural Wales, they will be literally extinct. The effects of such a decline are cumulative. A party doomed to decay finds it harder at each periodical trial of strength to enlist candidates or to raise funds, while its adherents, even if they like to call themselves Liberals between elections, hesitate to "throw their votes away" on a cause headed for defeat. The propertied element among them finds it fairly congenial, in Sir John Simon's company, to support this nominally "national" government, while the lower-middle class, with some help from the younger nonconformist clergy and from the tolerant liberal press, is slowly overcoming its reluctance to vote Labor.

That party returns to Westminster too weak to incommode the government in the division lobbies, yet strong enough to take its part in debate and in the work of committees. On its front bench will sit again most of the Ministers who led it in the disaster of 1931, while of the leaders who betrayed it only Mr. Thomas will still confront it. They are not a conspicuously distinguished team, but Mr. Herbert Morrison, who will probably be elected to the leadership, has proved his executive ability, both as the architect of the traffic system of London and as the leader of its county council. His is a quick and steady, if somewhat pedestrian, intellect. The hot rush to the left that followed Mr. MacDonald's desertion exhausted itself within two years, and the trade unions thereafter recovered their ascendancy within the party. The influence of the Socialist left wing is still legible in the elaborate program, which provides for the socialization of banking, transport, the land, coal mining, iron and steel, and proposes to clear the way for these sweeping changes by abolishing the House of Lords. From these positions the party will not confessedly retreat, but its accent, none the less, is again audibly reformist. Its plans for the future played little part in this election, since no one supposed that it could win a majority. Driven to fight over the hated Means Test, which treats a whole family as a single unit for purposes of unemployed relief, over the grievances of the miners and the "derelict" areas of South Wales and Durham, over the need for an ambitious program of public works, over housing and the schools, its blue prints for a peaceful revolution figured only in the perorations. It will continue to fight a losing battle against rearmament, but the end of the Ethiopian affair, when it comes, may conceivably begin to shake its faith in the League of Nations.

The course that Mr. Baldwin will now follow can be guessed without much risk of error. After his victory over his die-hards on the Indian question and the departure of Mr. MacDonald from Downing Street, he controls his own party with masterly ease. Because he is an authentic Tory, he can risk, both abroad and at home, a slightly

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at the Foreign Office has the same advantage over the ex-Liberal, Sir John Simon. He perceived that the League can be used as a powerful reinforcement for British imperial policy, and on this rather belated discovery he is likely to act with steady moderation. Still loathing public works and loans, Mr. Neville Chamberlain will swallow both, when the works in question consist of warships. Road building, slum clearance and the reëquipment of the railways will proceed on a far from negligible scale. Agriculture will be fostered with doles and tariffs, and we shall see a half-hearted pretense of raising the school age. The coal mines and the derelict areas present an angry and desperate problem, and it is significant that a mining area (West Fife) which used to send Mr. Asquith to Westminster, has now returned a Communist. But while the total of the unemployed is still twice what it was before the slump, recovery, torpid, solid and Anglo-Saxon, is certainly on its way. With his projects for rearmament, Mr. Baldwin may quicken the pace towards prosperity and Armageddon.

## Fixing the Blame at C.R.

IT IS now nearly three months since some forty technical and editorial employees on the staff of Consumers' Research went on strike (as discussed at length in The New Republic of October 9). It appears that the strike is still just as far from settlement as on the day it began. Indeed, a special investigating committee, composed of nine prominent and disinterested persons, reports that its inquiry into the strike did not disclose "any opportunity looking toward a settlement." The reason given is the "continuous refusal of Consumers' Research to consider mediation or arbitration."

Friends and subscribers of C.R. will be interested, however, in the report of the committee, for it clearly fixes the blame for the unfortunate lockout that still exists there. The blame, declares the report, "rests chiefly upon the management of Consumers' Research for aggravating a situation which in the early days it could have avoided, and later could have cured by accepting some form of mediation or arbitration." The committee, headed by the Reverend Reinhold Niebuhr and including Roger Baldwin, Norman Thomas, Professor George S. Counts, Professor William L. Nunn, the Reverend Herman F. Reissig and Vincent J. Murphy (secretary of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor), reached this conclusion after hearing both the strikers' and the management's cases and after holding a public hearing.

The management of Consumers' Research, of course, has excused its refusal to mediate or arbitrate the strike on the grounds that this was not an ordinary strike—that it was, in reality, a Communist plot to seize control of C.R. or to wreck it tile to C.R. The committee's conclusions on these points will bitterly disappoint C.R. On charge one the report declares: "The committee dismisses as wholly unsubstantiated by any evidence the management's charges that the strike is a plot directed from outside to seize control of Consumers' Research in the interest of the Communist Party or to ruin it and set up a rival agency. . . . There is no evidence of any direction of the strike by any but A.F. of L. groups, who have endorsed it without reservation including the A.F. of L. convention at Atlantic City." On the second charge the report declares that there is "no evidence that the strikers are aided financially or otherwise by advertisers and others whose business interests might make them hostile to Consumers' Research."

The real explanation for C.R.'s obstinacy, the committee finds, is of another color: "This strike . . . would never have occurred if Consumers' Research were organized and controlled like other membership corporations. Authority in the hands of a few people (actually four) who constitute the membership as well as the Board, and in addition are paid members of the staff, is a set-up bound to make for autocratic judgment and friction. . . . Subscribers who support the institution have no part whatever in its control."

Of course, there was violence committed during the strike. Of course, the employees' union acted more precipitately than it might have under other more reasonable circumstances. But did these actions justify the intransigence of C.R.'s management, and the spending of thousands of dollars of subscribers' money on armed guards, injunctions and costly court actions against the strikers? The committee believes that C.R. "will not succeed in re-establishing public confidence, probably not even the confidence of most of its subscribers, until it has adopted a policy of fair dealing with all its employees based upon collective bargaining in place of autocratic paternalism." The committee fears, however, that the management is opposed "not only to this union but to any bona-fide trade-union organization."

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# Civilized History

WE DO not know if Western society is now in the midst of its death rattle or its birth throes. But we do know that an old dream is dying, and that a new dream, a new picture of human possibilities and fresh motives for human action, is taking shape. And meanwhile, since the new dream does not yet govern men's actions and exists concretely only in the most fragmentary forms, we realize that our civilization as a whole faces a severe threat. The forces of destruction, embodied in the modern national state, swing from the exalted pretensions of paranoia to the vindictive isolation of dementia præcox: the first is accompanied by arrogant pretensions and widespread suspicions: the second may relapse, indeed now shows signs of relapsing, into a maniacal impulse toward destruction.

"Nothing is so savage," Aristotle observes, "as injustice in arms," and injustice in arms is the very essence of the class suppressions and the imperialistic conquests that are being waged by the more backward ruling classes throughout the world today. And whereas the barbarian who brought an end to Roman civilization had a conviction of strength but no strength of conviction, fascism has been preceded by an intellectual advance guard of fantasies and rationalizations and dogmas—a specious system of social psychology, like Pareto's; a Prussian drillmaster's version of history, like Spengler's. Partial demonstrations of intellectual strength (for no one need deny the abilities of Pareto or Spengler) have systematically prepared the way for neurotic simplifications of human conduct, silly collective ambitions and perfectly childlike forms of communal savagery.

No intelligent person can in the present situation forget the parallel between our own state and that of Roman society at the end of the fourth century. But that lesson may be read in two ways; and the final outcome need not necessarily be a sense of futility and defeat. Every known civilization has faced, at some period of its existence, the specter of Necropolis. Sometimes this specter occurs at the end of a cycle of striking cultural activity and achievement, and is the natural terminus of a long life, honorably lived. Sometimes it occurs in the midst of such a cycle, as a result of some terrestrial misfortune or social catastrophe. In Provence, after the Albigensian crusade, or in Rome, during the period when papal power shifted to Avignon, or indeed throughout Western civilization when the Black Plague struck its ugly blow in the fourteenth century, such a relapse temporarily took place. But the corpus of civilization, though left with a shattered limb, permanent[illegible] recovered. Spengler, when he speaks gloatingly of the final phase of paralysis and brutality and death, forgets that this "final" phase often occurs in the "springtime" of civilization—and need not prove fatal.

But if one wishes to make the parallel between Roman civilization and our own a nightmare, one need only read Gibbon and then turn one's eyes from the pages of the book to the street outside. As Rome's civilizing energy went downhill, power came more and more to rest, not on intelligence and consensus, but on the force of arms and brutality. Already we of the Western world have seen the spectacle of a handful of gangsters, armed with machine guns, terrorizing and exacting tribute from a whole industry, in broad daylight and in the midst of populous cities—whose officers the gangsters themselves partly control. So, too, we have seen political parties, organized on gangster principles, paralyzing a modern state in a fashion that recalls the early work of the Vandals: again we have seen these parties attempting to terrorize by swagger and promise of unlimited brutality the somewhat more civil polities in Western Europe that surround them.

These are all plainly the phenomena of decay: brutality, physical power and fear become the sole binding forces of a society when it loses the last remnants of a more human religion and more rational collective goals. But against these forces we have powerful energies at work that move in the opposite direction: energy and intelligence for which one can find no counterpart in the Rome of the fifth century A.D. For one thing, we have deeper stores of sheer biological vitality; for another we have a body of socialized knowledge and able technical practice, and all that further skill in social coöperation for which our scientific and industrial achievements have set a pattern, whilst the Romans, to the end, were hopeless empirics, who attempted to run a vast empire with a system of accountancy whose mathematics were so clumsy they could not be applied to the management of a country store.

Finally, we have the beginnings of a new religion, a system of values and beliefs capable of uniting men in political action and giving them a rational goal for their efforts. No such vision stirred the Roman proletariat till Christianity offered the transcendental enjoyments of a gaudy but infinitely remote hereafter. Whereas the rise of Christianity meant the defeat of Roman power, the rise of communism constitutes a vital fulfilment of Western civilization, and marks the passage from a crude

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social aims and rational purposes. That faith produces fellowship: this fellowship nourishes action: and action gives a value to the future equal to that which more static and less confident societies assigned solely to the past.

So while the present situation is highly dangerous, neither the facts nor the arguments, still less the hopes and ambitions and energies, are all on the side of the fascists. On the contrary, the building up of an ideology favorable to a more humane scheme of living now proceeds with greater energy than ever, nerved no doubt by the sense of the present crisis and its forthcoming difficulties. One of the best, and certainly the most ambitious of these efforts is that of J. Arnold Toynbee in his thirteen-volume "A Study of History,"[1] the first three volumes of which appeared this last year. Rumor of the existence of this work has not yet reached the dinner tables that quivered masochistically before the splenetic dogmatisms of Spengler or parroted the fascist apologies of Pareto. For all that, the appearance of Toynbee's opus is intellectual news of the first order; and the change in method, outlook, categories and general frame of reference marked by his work may prove as important as that marked by Einstein in physics.

The basic proposition in Toynbee's study of history is the belief that today "the dominant note in the corporate consciousness of communities is the sense of being parts of some larger universe." The age of the atomic individual, the atomic state, with their fake isolation and their fake internal unity, is now coming to an end; and all the categories of the past, the nation, the national state, national sovereignty, the mechanical division of labor, the absolutism of physical science, the reduction of thought and feeling to purely quantitative measurement—this whole metaphysical framework of political thinking is doomed to the rubbish heap. For Toynbee the unit of history is a society or a civilization; this corresponds roughly to what Spengler calls a culture. Societies transcend cities and nations in both time and space; and people who create such larger units are distinguished from the non-historic civilizations on a primitive level, for the latter remain in a state of cultural arrest.

Toynbee identifies twenty-one distinct societies in the history of the race; and in addition he calls attention to certain inchoate societies, such as those that partly emerged from their centers in Ireland and Scandinavia during the Dark Ages. Each society seems to have a characteristic life-cycle: it begins with a period of integration and growth: it goes through a Time of Troubles: it passes into a Universal State marked by the existence of an Internal Proletariat, and when this proletariat, having no stake in past institutions, rebels against its hopeless lot, it creates, through the medium of a Universal Church, a new religion which enables the society to rehabilitate itself. For fuller proof of this life-cycle and its characteristic institutions we will have to await two later volumes in Toynbee's series. But it is plain that all these institutions occupy a different place in Toynbee's scheme from the one they occupy in Spengler's. Where the latter becomes maudlin over the undoing of the work of the proud men of blood (*i.e.*, barbarians) by the enlightened intellectuals and pacifists and their deluded "nerveless" followers, adherents of Buddhism or Christianity, for Toynbee the humane forces have a vital and regenerative character.

But how do civilizations develop? Beyond all the special factors that enter into the process of change, Toynbee is conscious of the possibility of some inner rhythm that may abet the process: rest and motion, God and Devil, Love and Hate, Yin and Yang—these are some of the names various societies have given to the primordial go of things. In granting the possibility of such a rhythm Toynbee is on the side of Marx and against most of the empirical historians for whom, lost in their welter of documents and incoherent derivative facts, history is little better than a dream told by an idiot, half-forgotten in the waking. Surprisingly, Toynbee does not mention Hegel, Marx or Engels, or for that matter Emerson, in connection with this rhythmic interpretation, although he openly derives part of his terminology from Marx. But the fact is that Marx, far more than Lord Acton or Henry Adams, is Toynbee's true spiritual progenitor; for who better than Marx recognized the warping effect of current economic institutions upon "neutral" thought, who was more conscious of the weakness of the division-of-labor method not only in history but in the social sciences, and who more acutely than Marx and Engels pointed out the need for treating history as an organically interrelated and therefore rational process?

To the specific process of social development Toynbee gives the name Challenge-and-Response. What kind of challenge, what order of response, stimulates the growth of a civilization? On the first question, Toynbee's answer is exhaustive; on the second he remains, for reasons that I will presently return to, unsatisfactory.

Volume Two deals with various kinds of stimuli: hard countries, new ground, migration overseas, blows from without, pressure from other civilizations, penalizations such as caste and slavery. The upshot is that extremes of difficulty or ease are not so favorable as the golden mean: Toynbee recognizes the fact, doubtless overstressed by Adler, that negative conditions may, up to a point, provide positive materials for growth: a conclusion that has bearing upon the systematic effort of Western society during the past few centuries to enthrone comfort at whatever sacrifice of animation and intelligence and sensibility.

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approaches the problem from the hindside: he deals first with arrested civilizations, such as those of pastoral nomads, the Eskimos, the Spartans. Perhaps one of his most magnificent chapters, in the light of our present Time of Troubles, is his detailed discussion of the spurious success of the Spartan state. This was one of the most stubborn efforts that has ever been made to freeze the position of the dominant class by systematically assaulting and maiming the lower orders and their sympathizers: a stultifying forerunner of modern Nazism.

Toynbee observes that the real disaster to the Spartan state came not through its failure but through its "success." Like the insect societies, Spartan fascism produced a regime without internal conflict, therefore without reintegration, therefore without the power to transcend its own limitations and contradictions: therefore without the means of cultural growth, and so, in conception and in final destiny, sterile and lifeless. In opposition to that fascist ideal Toynbee reënforces Whitman's dictum: "It is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

So much for the mode of growth: but what is the criterion of a society's successful development? Perhaps the most usual answer today would be: command over environment; and Toynbee does a neat job in demolishing this naïve reply. In the sense of geographic expansion in space, subduing the wilderness and conquering other communities, expansion may result in retardations of growth; so much so that Toynbee remarks that "we are almost warranted in regarding geographical expansion as a social disease. . . . A declining society is apt to hasten the day of its dissolution by squandering its diminishing store of vital energy in material performances on an excessive scale." As for command over the physical forces of nature by the perfection of our technical instruments, the evidence is equally clear, and equally disconcerting to the believer in technical achievement by itself. Not merely do many arrested civilizations show a refined technics; but technical advances along certain lines, as in warfare, have been accompanied, not by growth but by reversion and disintegration.

In his final definition of social growth, Toynbee indeed reaches a point just the opposite of that maintained by the popular American school that regards the conquest of the environment as an automatic evidence of progressive civilization.

> We may [he says] perhaps persist in the view that a given series of responses to successful challenge is to be interpreted as a manifestation of growth if, as the series proceeds, the action tends to shift from the field of the external environment—whether physical or human—to the *for intérieur* of the growing personality or the civilization. . . . Growth means that the growing personality or civilization tends to become its own [illegible] action. In other words, the criterion of growth is progress toward self-determination.

Now, there is a vital kernel of truth in this culminating definition. Unfortunately, as in his study of the process of withdrawal-and-return, the truth is weakened by Toynbee's failure to grasp the processes of life and civilization in their concrete unity: an underlying dualism prevents him from presenting the process as an organic whole in which mind and body, inner and outer, are as inseparable as the two faces of a coin. This failure, in turn, calls attention to another curious hiatus in Toynbee's scholarship—the failure to recognize the important pioneer work on parallel lines of the late Sir Patrick Geddes. For the biological key to an adequate conception of challenge and response was put by Patrick Geddes in a brief but effective formula which called attention to the fact that the interaction works both ways, now in a limitation of the organism by the environment, now by an insurgence on the part of the organism that leads to the domination over the environment. The shift is not simply, as Toynbee implies, from an outer world to an inner world, or from matter to spirit: the outer environment, reformed by man's art and technics and ideals, taking shape in landscape and cities, becomes itself a spiritual source and a higher kind of challenge, while man, absorbing nature, becomes naturalized by his intelligence in a way that brings him into far closer harmony with nature than the savage primitive, with his fantastic codes and taboos.

Because of his partial dualistic statement of the process of growth Toynbee never arrives at a theory of the city, such as Geddes brilliantly developed: which means, ultimately, that he attempts to describe civilization without reference to the physical organs it has created for storing and transmitting and increasing the social heritage. But the fact is that cities, arising out of a stable system of agriculture and permanent settlement and the invention of the dwelling house and its subordinate utilities, are the body and form of civilization. From the form of a city, the style of its architecture, and the economic functions and social groupings it shelters and encourages, one can derive most of the essential elements of a civilization.

For all his effort to break away from the idols of the industrial age and the national state, Toynbee unfortunately takes refuge mainly in a political and economic explanation of the rise of civilizations. That is, he gives primacy to the physical conditions of life and to struggles for power and security, whereas these matters are no more fundamental than the institutions of marriage, the modes of religious and cultural organization and the expressions of literature, painting, sculpture and the industrial arts. Had his eyes been focused on the city, he should perhaps have recognized the one-sided character of his explanation. By the same token, Toynbee [illegible]

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by withdrawing himself temporarily from society may come back to enrich it with new goals and destinations not taken from his immediate environment. This process is fully accounted for in Geddes' theory of the cloister as a permanent institution of the city which recurrently makes possible a break from routine and a creative renewal.

These weaknesses are, I fear, not unimportant; they are more serious than Toynbee's prolix style, his overuse of illustrative data, his annoying habit of annotating familiar biblical quotations with chapter and verse, or that touch of T. S. Eliotosis which tempts him to quote the Koran in Arabic. But when all is said and done, this is a masterly and important work: one of those foundation books whose premises and categories help to determine the character of a whole epoch's thought and so eventually influence the actions of men. In its complete relativity, in its humane outlook, in its steady sense of humor, its bold exhaustive method and its massive scholarship, "A Study of History" stands a whole stratosphere above its nearest rival, "The Decline of the West." Toynbee's study parallels in a way the funeral oration Thucydides put into the mouth of Pericles: Athens' answer to the truculent Spartans. "A Study of History" is the work of an entirely civilized man, writing in behalf of the values of civilization. And its fundamental belief, I take it, is the belief that life and reason and love are allies, while hate and systematic stupidity and savage imbecile power, so far from being the natural rulers of the world, are but the advancing outposts of disintegration and death.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

# Austria and the Ethiopian War

AUSTRIA, though separated by twenty-five hundred miles of sea and land from Ethiopia, is already feeling the repercussions of events in Africa. Among the matters that may be affected by the developments in Ethiopia are the Italian and Austrian internal situations, the relations of Italy's neighbors to one another and to Mussolini's country, the future of the Mediterranean and many other problems.

The Austrian internal situation will undoubtedly be deeply affected by the Italian war in Ethiopia. Though the Italians still boast that the African adventure has not weakened their position on the Brenner (the Italo-Austrian frontier), because for every division sent to Africa another new division has been created, nevertheless some of the countries around Italy believe that she will considerably weaken her European position in consequence of the Ethiopian war. Should she come out victorious—which is by no means certain—and should she be able to defy the League of Nations—which is not likely—she will nevertheless lose some of her military strength, and her finances are already shaky.

The Schuschnigg-Starhemberg government in Austria has aligned itself too strongly with Italy in this crisis. There is no doubt that Austria was in a difficult position when the Italo-Ethiopian conflict began. On the one hand, Austria's national existence was saved by the League of Nations in the summer of 1922, when, owing to the rapid depreciation of the Austrian currency, she was on the verge of collapse. Italy, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Hungary had mobilized their armies to march into Austria, should the collapse of the currency cause catastrophe. Then the partition of Austria was prevented by the League of Nations, which drafted [illegible] backed the strong personality of his predecessor and [illegible] to the Heimwehr demands

On the other hand, the Austro-Italian friendship has developed during the last two years into such "close" coöperation that many of the neighboring countries describe this relation as complete dependence on Italy. There is no doubt that Austria was in a difficult situation when Adolf Hitler came to power in Germany. Despite the persecution of the Social-Democrats and of the Roman Catholics in Nazi Germany, the lure of the idea of *Anschluss* remained strong with a large part of the population. Dr. Dollfuss, who was the Austrian Chancellor in those days, chose an opportunist, but a by no means far-sighted policy: he threw himself into the protective arms of Signor Mussolini. It is true that in those days Great Britain was unwilling to make any positive guarantee in a conflict that was so remote from her own immediate interests; France's energies were engaged by internal strife.

One must, however, admit that Dr. Dollfuss, even if he sold his country to Italy in 1933, wished to use Mussolini as his protector only until the situation in Germany had clarified and until France (and perhaps Britain) should be in a position to take a more definite interest in Austria. He also hoped that after some months' or years' successful resistance to the German Nazi attack on Austria he could improve Austria's relations with Germany. Dr. Dollfuss, though he had undoubtedly fathered the unfortunate Italian orientation of Austria, never yielded to one-hundred-percent Italian fascism, and he skillfully counteracted the maneuvers of his friend, the Fascist Heimwehr leader, Prince Starhemberg, who intended to establish fascist totalitarianism in Austria. Dr. Schuschnigg, however, who succeeded Dollfuss in the Chancellor's office,

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Foreign Minister of Austria still further increased Italy's influence on Austrian affairs, with the result that, when the Italo-Ethiopian conflict broke out, Austria was a mere satellite of Italy.

It is certain that Austria, in her own interest, should have been both more independent and cleverer at Geneva when the question of sanctions was discussed before the League of Nations Assembly, at which time Austria refused to participate in sanctions. She could have taken an attitude similar to that of France, who was also faced with a serious dilemma by the Italo-Ethiopian war. France and Italy were connected by ties of close friendship when the Ethiopian crisis occurred; France had concluded a sort of military alliance with Italy early this year, yet M. Laval realized that he must accept the obligations arising out of France's membership in the League. Austria could have said that she was infinitely obliged to Italy for her help last summer (when Mussolini rushed Italian troops to the Austrian frontier to prevent the invasion of Austria by the so-called Austrian Legion stationed in Bavaria), but that she, being a small country, was dependent on the League of Nations' help and had thus to act as France did. Had Baron Berger-Waldenegg adopted this policy, probably the Austrian Chancellor would not have received such a congratulatory telegram from Mussolini (which in any case will not figure as an asset on the Austrian political balance sheet), but Austria would have had a strong bargaining point in the discussion on compensations for sanctions.

It was unwise for Austria to show herself one-hundred-percent pro-Italy not only from the standpoint of foreign political consequences, but also for reasons of home political considerations. The majority of the Austrian population was, and still is, anti-Italian. The Italophile policy of the Dollfuss—and later on that of the Schuschnigg government—has never enjoyed popular support. In the western provinces of Austria there has always been a deep-seated hatred of Italy because of the loss of German South Tyrol and because of the oppression of the German population in that province. Only a few weeks ago, on the anniversary of the day on which South Tyrol was taken from Austria, Innsbruck and all the Austrian Tyrolese cities and villages were decorated with black flags and everywhere church services were held with prayers that this lost province might be restored to the "rightful owners."

The Socialists in Austria hate Italy not only because of its fascist form of government, but also because they hold Mussolini responsible for the annihilation of their organizations a year and a half ago. The National Socialists, again, have not forgotten that their *coup d'état* last year was frustrated by Mussolini's mobilization along the Austrian frontier. The Austrian army, which is one of the chief pillars of the [illegible] Heimwehr people, especially in Styria and Tyrol, are anti-Italian. The present regime in Austria loves to teach the cultivation of the old Austrian imperial traditions, but no tradition is stronger in Austria than the anti-Italian feeling which was systematically fostered before the War among the masses of the population. The dissatisfaction with the Italian policy reached even Cabinet ranks before the recent purging.

The question now is: What will be the consequences of this hasty and opportunist pro-Italian policy of the Austrian government? The Nazis both in Germany and Austria are watching with increased vigilance and interest the developments in Austria. It is, of course, realized both within and without Austria that, if a proper solution for an economic coöperation of the Danubian countries cannot be found (and one cannot see such a development yet), there is little doubt that Austria will ultimately be swallowed up by an expanding Germany. But this is a development of months or years; this question of union is closely connected with that of the rearmament of Germany, which will probably require one or two—if not more—years to attain completion. Internally the outlook for the Nazis is not too bright in Austria at present. The once excellent and widespread organizations of the Austrian Nazis were broken up after the defeat of the Nazi *coup* of July 25, 1934, and though they are still very strong as far as numbers are concerned (they can claim the support of the provincial intelligentsia and of the youth), they are disorganized and unable to reform their ranks owing to the constant pressure of the government and of the local authorities. Germany apparently is not willing to send any considerable amount of propaganda and funds to the Nazis at present. The German government seems to want to avoid any suspicion of supporting a revolutionary movement in Austria. Moreover, the German Nazis' preoccupation with their own economic difficulties prevents them from taking a more active part in Austrian affairs.

When the Italo-Ethiopian conflict began, the Austrian government was undoubtedly frightened and showed some willingness to negotiate with Berlin. These negotiations were conducted partly through the German Minister in Vienna, the former German Vice-Chancellor Franz von Papen, and partly through other intermediaries. But as soon as the negotiations took a more definite form, the difficulties in the way of an agreement became evident. Though the Germans demanded "only" that one "nationally oriented" person (meaning a camouflaged Nazi) should be taken into the Cabinet, the Italian influence in Vienna prevented such a compromise. At present endeavors are being directed toward establishing a "truce" of undefined nature and period. Both sides apparently want a breathing spell until the international situation becomes

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But this very fact makes the future of the present government more precarious. As long as the German Nazi menace was a reality, the satellites of Italy could rally sympathies abroad in face of the "brutal attack of a big country against a small and weak one." Now this menace, at least for the time being, is non-existent. And yet one can notice a widespread dissatisfaction not only in the ranks of the Nazis and the Socialists in Austria, but even within the ranks of the government supporters. The Heimwehr was always unpopular in Austria and it has lost much of its influence (and also much of its moral and material support) because of Italy's preoccupation with Africa. The Heimwehr is apparently beginning to realize the great dissatisfaction among the population. For several weeks these Austrian Fascists were rather quiet, but now they are getting nervous about their position and to intimidate their opponents they are arranging military maneuvers all over the country, as much as to say: "We are here and you better behave or . . ." But in the face of the strong anti-Italian sentiment in the country the Heimwehr realizes that its position is badly shaken.

The peasants are dissatisfied because of the high taxes, and, while their cows and horses are taken for tax arrears, the landed nobility is accused of evading taxation. This complaint of the peasants caused Reither, former Minister of Agriculture, to turn against the aristocratic members of the government. The ex-Chancellor, Dr. Ender, the maker of the new Constitution, is known to be dissatisfied, and he is in favor of a democratic development in Austria. The same view is held by the ex-Chancellor, General Vaugoin; by Kunschak, the leader of the Catholic workers' organizations, and by the governor of the Salzburg province, Dr. Rehrl.

Neutral observers believe that if Italy's position is further weakened in Europe as a consequence of the Ethiopian war, two possibilities may be expected. Whatever happens, the elimination of the Heimwehr from the government would be the first step. After this, one group wants to create a coalition between the Catholic Clericals of Herr Schuschnigg and the "nationally oriented" elements—that is, the moderate Nazis. The representatives of this "moderate" Nazi group are said to be the Upper-Austrian landowner, Josef Reinthaller, the Upper-Austrian Governor, Herr Heinrich Gleissner, and Dr. Karl Hueber, a notary in Mattsee (Salzburg) who is the brother-in-law of Goering. Such a Cabinet would follow a foreign policy favorable to Germany. But though the members of such a Cabinet would be taken from the moderate Nazis, it is obvious that this Cabinet would only be a pacemaker for a real Nazi regime, a development unwanted not only by the majority of the Austrians, but also by the Western Powers and by the neighboring countries, except Hungary.

Ender, Kunschak, Vaugoin and Reither would be a guarantee for a democratic development, and if such a government would restore the trade unions of the Social-Democrats, it could count on the tacit support of this important section of the Austrian population. The former Chancellor, Dr. Ender, when drafting the new Constitution, left sufficient loopholes to permit a return to more democratic conditions, and the Constitution makes possible the creation of a democratic regime, at the same time retaining the corporative system. These moderate Clericals are willing to forgo the persecution of the Nazis and to permit the functioning of nationalist organizations (somewhat on the pattern of the German Sudeten Party in Czechoslovakia). The tension with Germany could also be eased without permitting Nazi excesses in Austria. Such a regime could easily obtain the support of the Western Powers of Europe, and probably would enjoy political toleration and economic support from Germany.

There are good reasons for believing that such a development is now feasible and is likely to come about naturally as soon as Italy's entanglements become more serious. Such a moderate Christian Social government could be the forerunner of a development that might revive the old parties and facilitate the return of the parliamentary system—the only guarantee of a peaceful and happy life for Austria.

M. W. FODOR.

## Ipse Dixit

"What breaks or is broken
speaks or is spoke
whether in snowfall or rainfall
or when the lark begins to sing
on the first false day of spring
no one will change
or make strange
snow will not alter it nor time derange."

—He said it, and the word went forth on wind
lighter than thistledown that bears the seed;
thrice it sped round the world, and came again
to him who stood unhearing. His lax mouth
open to the wind had swallowed his own word;
only himself it was who had not heard.

But on the world the word had left its stain,
transverse on snow and rain,
deep in the wounded tree, and in the rock engraved,
perfect in snow, melted in melted frost,
grown with the seed, or shot along tumult's sky
with lightning's speed;
only himself it was who could not heed
what he himself had known and lost;
the word which others, who came after,
godlike would accost,
and godlike understand with laughter.

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# Business Prefers Racketeers

CURRENT revelations of racketeering in the ranks of labor have indicated two new characteristics. There are many illustrations to show that business, far from turning away from racketeers who corrupt and exploit the cause of labor, actually prefers racketeers. Business, of course, prefers to deal neither with honest nor dishonest unions; but given a choice it chooses the latter, encourages them and frequently makes them an integral part of its labor policy. The second new characteristic partially explains the first. It is that the racket toll now comes largely from the pay envelopes of labor, from the sadly depleted depression rations that the fortunate employed workers are compelled to accept. The depression has ended the heroic days of labor racketeering when a Brindell, like a modern Robin Hood, could extort sums from the bosses and at the same time compel them to pay their employees union wages.

The trend has been tersely summarized by Jake ("the Bum") Wellner, business agent of a Brooklyn painters' union, a practitioner of many years in the profession of business unionism, and now under indictment for extorting $300 from a contractor to call off a strike. Says Jake: "When the boss starts to complain that he can't pay the racketeers and pay union wages too, he is told, 'Don't be a fool. Who tells you to pay the donkeys $9 a day? Who pays union wages these days? Give them $3 or $4 and they'll be glad to get it.' "

For illustrations of this phenomenon in labor racketeering we may draw on a variety of New York industries, the retail clothing industry, with its large and small neighborhood stores, the enormously profitable restaurant and cafeteria industry and the steel-construction industry, which is definitely a part of big business.

One turns to the plight of anti-racketeering elements in the International Union of Operating Engineers with a sinking feeling of almost complete hopelessness. It is a story of a long struggle against a dictatorship by the International, corruption on the part of the dictator, imprisonment of the dictator followed by reprisals against the members who fought him, and, finally, an alliance between the steel-trust-dominated erectors and the discredited union elements. And during it all, over a period of five years, those who have fought for some standard of trade-union decency have tramped the streets hungry and jobless, rebuffed and shunted about by those who should be their friends.

Patrick J. Comerford, Tammany lieutenant in the labor movement, was the dictator of the International Union of Operating Engineers. The International called him a "supervisor" and created [illegible] erford bossed the International through his aids. He maintained personal control over Local 125 in New York City, which held jurisdiction over all hoisting engineers employed in the city and in Westchester County. From a union suite of rooms whose luxuriousness rivaled the sanctums of great corporations, Comerford ruled the union with an iron hand. Protesting members were blacklisted and expelled without trials, elections were canceled. On one occasion when constitutional changes were before the union, Comerford cast the vote of the entire membership. In 1930, more than $250,000 in dues and assessments was collected and disbursed without any satisfactory explanation to the members. Comerford ordered and ended strikes without any apparent rhyme or reason.

When Comerford was indicted for evasion of federal income-tax payments, some of the "strikes" were explained. The trial showed that in addition to his union salary of $200 a week and expenses, Comerford received $75 a week from one non-union hoisting company and sums ranging from $2,500 to $7,000 from contractors as the price of "settling labor disputes." A second non-union firm paid him $50 a week for seven months. Using his power as an influential member of the Building Trades Council, he had charged two hod carriers' locals $500 each for the right to join the council. Comerford was convicted of tax evasions and jailed for a year, whereupon efforts to win his early release were begun at once, with Christian G. Norman, executive head of the Building Trades Employers' Association, offering to act as his guardian during a period of parole. [It was Mr. Norman, unctuous critic of labor racketeering, who retained the late Jack ("Legs") Diamond and Jacob ("Little Augie") Orgen to break a painters' strike in 1927 and paid them $25,000, all with the approval of the employers' association.]

Meanwhile, the rank and file of Local 125 had instituted court action to win control of their union. In June of 1932 the members obtained an order removing Comerford from office and giving the members the right to govern themselves. Comerford and the International Union promptly revoked the charter of Local 125, created Local 130 and informed all employers that their collective agreements would henceforth be carried out by the new local. Today, after years of litigation, Local 125 has its charter back again, but six newly created locals make raids on the jurisdiction it formerly held. Each of the new locals is captained by former Comerford supporters.

The strength of the new locals lies in the prefer-

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ating that Local 125 men are not wanted, and that jobs go to the other locals. It is charged that McClintic-Marshall, the American Bridge Company and the Frederick Share Corporation have joined in this discrimination, though their executives insist that the function of hiring help belongs to the foremen, who, it would appear, have no remote connection with company policy. The apex of co-operation between the Comerford elements and the steel companies is best illustrated by the apparent understanding with Local 403. This local has agreed to take no part in sympathetic building-trade strikes. Affirmatively, this means that it has agreed to work with strikebreakers. It has thus made itself a tool of the steel interests in the thirty-year war against the union of structural iron workers. Local 403 has carried through its understanding to the hilt, as a result of which it has been thrown out of the Building Trades Council; but it continues a favored section of its own International and enjoys the privilege of calling itself an A.F. of L. union. The officers of Local 403 enjoy an even more concrete advantage. Each engineer employed by these companies —and it is mostly members of Local 403 who are so favored—must pay $1 a day to the expense fund of the salaried officers of Local 403.

The restaurant and cafeteria industry of New York City is at once one of the worst exploiters of labor and one of the least effectively organized. The State Department of Labor recently found $501 to be the median net cash annual wage for women workers in restaurants. Waiters and waitresses receive wages ranging from nothing to $5 a week. Tips do not bring these figures anywhere near a living wage, and charges for uniforms, laundering, meals, etc., frequently wipe out wages as well as tips. For the kitchen workers there are, of course, no tips at all.

What slight protection the restaurant workers of New York City receive comes from the ranks of locals affiliated with the Hotel and Restaurant Workers' International Alliance, an A.F. of L. union, and some locals affiliated with the independent Food Workers' Industrial Union. Locals 16 and 302 of the A.F. of L. international dominate the industry in Manhattan; the former has extensive jurisdiction over restaurants, hotels and clubs; the latter is intended to be the union of delicatessen clerks and cafeteria workers. Actual power over these local unions, and a large amount of influence over the Food Workers' Industrial Union, is concentrated in the hands of a so-called employers' group known as the Metropolitan Cafeteria and Restaurant Owners' Association, in whose early stages aids of the late Dutch Schultz played an active part.

The large cafeteria chains, Foltis-Fisher, Chase Commissary, Willow and Stewart, are members of the Metropolitan, as are almost three hundred [illegible]. With the membership goes a gold-colored placque renting for $18. The placque carries the name of the Metropolitan and the significant motto, "United We Stand." Restaurants and cafeterias that seek to resist the appeal of the Metropolitan have been known to fall. But the holdouts among the restaurants, with the exceptions of the very large chains, have not been very numerous. There is, in fact, great advantage in belonging to the Metropolitan, and in terms of dollars and cents the $250 initiation fee and the $260 in annual dues (even if the payments do not end there) is a fine investment.

What does a restaurant owner get for his membership in the Metropolitan? He gets the right to do as he pleases with his help, particularly in cafeterias. He gets the right to consider union agreements as jokes. He gets the right to call upon the Metropolitan and tell them that he wants to be rid of that "Red counterman" or this "Red waitress"; and he gets the right to feel that his request will be met. Union leaders come to the Metropolitan like so many errand boys and leave with their instructions. In fact, one contract signed with a large restaurant chain gave the address of the Metropolitan as the address of the union.

The two unions are of a piece with Comerford's old Local 125 in their lack of democracy. Paul N. Coulcher, secretary of Local 16, has announced that he and he alone is the "doctor who knows what's good for the union." He has caused members to be expelled for selling Communist literature around union headquarters. He has decreed "no politics in the union," while he has made the local a cog in the Tammany machine. He has expelled one member of thirty years' standing, a non-Communist, because he complained to the International about racketeering influences in the local. He has hired J. Richard Davis, chief of the late Dutch Schultz's legal staff, as the union attorney. He was a reluctant supporter of minimum-wage legislation and tried his best to prevent an accurate study of what women members of his union are paid. Early this year he called night-club strikes of mysterious origin and ended them with equally mysterious settlements. Soon after, he was dined at a large non-union hotel by an audience gathered together by leaders of the Metropolitan. The sponsors of the dinner included one restaurateur who had not paid his help for six weeks.

The services rendered the restaurant owners are even more obvious in the case of Local 302. Employees of the cafeteria chains were "organized" into the local by their employers. No wage increases or other advantages accrued upon the signing of the "collective agreements," except in some cases where the wage was raised sufficiently to cover the payment of union dues. In the case of employees of the Foltis-Fisher chain, unionization brought many of them wage cuts. Many promises were made the new members but not one of them has been kept. The union bosses have divided the membership of [illegible] into three branches, A, B and C. Branch

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clerks and is under the thumb of the dominating leaders of the local, Max Pincus, John Williams and Charles Epstein. Class B is composed of cafeteria workers in all but the chains, and Branch C is made up of employees of the four cafeteria chains. By-laws recently jammed through a meeting by Pincus, Williams and Epstein, after a majority of the meeting had defeated them and gone home, have effectively frozen control in the hands of Branch A. Local 302 is a union in name only.

The same set-up that operates in the restaurant industry—a so-called employers' association working hand in glove with pliant and accommodating labor leaders—has been true until recently of part of New York's retail clothing industry. Officials of two locals of the Retail Clerks' International Protective Association devoted their major efforts to enrolling stores in a Retail Clothing Merchants' Association. While the union leaders thus built the Clothing Merchants' Association, they permitted working standards to drop. In the case of stores selling ladies' apparel, the union was interested almost exclusively in the collection of dues. In exchange for this, the stores received the right to be unmolested by pickets and to display, when they cared to, an A.F. of L. sign. How much this can mean to an employer may be seen in the case of one very large store which was ready to sign an agreement whereby it would pay the union $1,000 a week in dues for its thousand employees. No wage increases were contemplated in the agreement. For $52,000 a year then, this store would have bought protection against bona-fide unionization which might have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars in wage increases.

Labor racketeering that has come to light of late has one other common characteristic—the failure of the American Federation of Labor to protect its members and its reputation against those who have misused the movement. An exception must be noted in the case of the retail clerks, where President Green's action was prompt and effective. Here, however, he was aided in his efforts by an internal fight that lined up the Clerks' International against certain New York elements. However, the job has been done and the retail clerks' union house has been cleansed. Not so fortunate have been the members of Local 125 of the Operating Engineers and of Locals 16 and 302 of the Restaurant Workers. Their own internationals and the A.F. of L. have given no heed to their protests.

Mr. Green and the A.F. of L. have frequently pointed to the lack of power of the Federation to interfere in the affairs of affiliated internationals. A resolution passed at the Atlantic City convention, and almost completely unnoticed in the battle over industrial unionism, has rectified this situation. The resolution instructed the Executive Council of the A.F. of L. "to initiate a determined campaign to eradicate every sign of racketeering [illegible] essary measures to overcome the resistance of those elements in the trade unions who are today tolerating and protecting these evils." Should Mr. Green and his Council shirk their responsibility, perhaps the new progressive bloc will add the elimination of racketeering to its program. EDWARD LEVINSON.

# Queries from the Hills

DAY AFTER day, volley and thunder. Newspapers, magazines, books and pamphlets. New York Times, Boston Transcript, Christian Science Monitor, Hartford Courant, Chicago Tribune, Los Angeles Times. Nation, New Republic, New Masses, Fortune, Saturday Evening Post and Ladies' Home Journal. Harper's, Mercury, Forum and Outlook. Educational journals, economic journals, sociological journals, technical journals. Books, novels, essays, histories and I-Am-Telling-You works on current affairs from Tokyo to Addis Ababa. Editors, columnist-syndicators, agitators, reporters, essayists, propagandists (paid and automatic), politicians, public-relations experts, big business men (our lords and masters), spokesmen of the proletariat (elected and self-constituted), feminists, fascists, communists, Liberty Leaguers, educators and professors of this and that, penny-a-liners, pessimists, poignant hopefuls, Spenglerians, Marxists, Paretists, kowtowers, tub-thumpers, memoirists, eager confessors, Red-baiters, Constitution-savers—all these, and many more, are making throaty noises (reported in the press) or spreading oceans of ink on continents of paper.

Although a few try to be bright and "peppy," most of these preachers, expositors, shamans, pleaders and weepers are solemn, heavy, dull and assured.

Some are frankly hirelings, known and unknown, turning out words by the thousands true to patterns —words and sentences pleasing to employer paymasters. Others are hirelings somewhat a and ashamed; they remain true to the pa try slyly to add salt, pepper and other c to orthodox texts. Others are innocen dervishes, turning, spinning, waving an on their appointed spots, to the delight ing crowds collected around their tubs Still others are collecting, clipping, a tracting and pasting together, like busy ing cells and making honey, and like th betraying no humor as they cut and pa

Specialists in physics, high on their pinn ing us all about history, sociology, econo itics, liberty, regimentation and God—"th Mathematician."

Specialists in economics issuing warnings, and commands, on business, politics, histo the possibilities of God's providence.

Specialists in public relations (a grand phi

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Specialists in education writing on philosophy, psychology, sociology, political science, history, morals and esthetics.

Specialists in history, usually dry as dust, writing "definitive works" and revealing the past as "it actually was."

Specialists in everything discoursing in columns on anything that happens to be hot today.

Book-writers, with small advances from thirsty publishers, adding and compiling works for the moment that "will pay their way and make a bit for all parties immediately concerned."

Essayists, with some knowledge of day before yesterday and slender hopes for day after tomorrow, commenting on books, praising without discrimination or damning without discrimination, pouring their loves or hates into "appraisals" and "critical notes."

Young reporters, possessing the profound knowledge and wisdom purveyed at "colleges of journalism" and running about to report everything from learned discussions of Einstein's theories to sex, suicide, homicide, bank failures and Red hunts.

Headline writers making hot stuff out of dull stuff.

Editors gravely commenting in ways pleasing to their cliques.

"Big" business men, college presidents, executives, actors, movie staresses, theologians, diplomats, politicians and authors interviewed at docks, besieged in apartments, or dispensing "hand-outs."

Dinners for this or that, celebrations of this or that, occasions, commencements, inaugurations, reunions, meetings, conferences, assemblies, centenaries, tercentenaries, installations, anniversaries.

Cocktail parties for novelists, essayists and big-book writers.

Bespangled navy officers leaning graciously over Daughters of the Revolution and expounding the beatitudes of bigger ships and bigger guns.

Bespangled army officers doing their bit.

[illegible] Reds preaching peace, and undermining the
traditions of William Randolph Hearst.
ights at the movies, with big clacques for
tors, actresses and producers.
hts at theatres, with the same.
tators on plays, esthetics and the arts,
lamning sagely and solemnly.
ouncers thumping the air with startling
e still more startling performances of
ıan (or woman) soap.
goose-steppers, paraders, strike-
sters, regimenters, tear-gas throwers.
rest of that sort of thing.
ıd masters, expounders, critics and de-
ould it be improper and irreverent to ask:
, it all about?
ıat do you think you are doing?
.e grind go on forever this way?
do you imagine, is coming out of it—any-
nothing, save rights, honors, privileges,

# Washington Notes

*Trouble with the Young Republicans—Fixing the National Convention—Has Farley Loved Too Well?*

LAST WEEK, Republican National Chairman Henry P. Fletcher tried to put down his party's youth movement, and was only partially successful. The national head of the Young Republican Clubs, which are supposed to provide street-corner speakers and handbill distributors during campaigns, is an upstanding individual named George Olmstead. In the 1932 election, Olmstead had charge of the Republican National Committee's youth division. Under Fletcher, however, all those concerned in the Hoover debacle have been gradually elbowed aside. Refused a share in the party patronage, Olmstead angrily declared that Republican youth would never follow the reactionary leadership of the East. This sounded like a slap at Fletcher, Hilles and Roraback. It made Olmstead seem like fit material for the palace revolution that Borah is always on the point of leading. Apparently it was decided here in Washington that action should immediately be taken.

A national convention of Young Republicans had been summoned by Olmstead to meet in Des Moines. Just before it opened, word came that the Young Republicans of New England intended to boycott the convention, and hold a meeting of their own in Rutland, Vermont. This was obviously the work of Roraback, New England's Republican overlord. On the day Olmstead's conference began, J. Kenneth Bradley of Connecticut appeared in Des Moines. Bradley is Republican leader of the Connecticut Senate, and a man on whom Roraback can depend. He announced that in next year's campaign he would be chief of the Republican youth division, Olmstead's old job. Furthermore, he quietly hinted that the old folks on the Republican National Committee were tired of quips about their reactionary leadership, and would like the Young Republicans to choose a new president. This caused an unforeseen reaction. Instead of bowing to the will of their elders, the delegates rallied around Olmstead in a surprising way. After two days of excited negotiations, a compromise was reached by which Olmstead will remain as president until next February, when a special election is to be held. Despite Olmstead's militant fight last week, the best opinion here is that Fletcher, Hilles and Roraback will eventually displace him.

Such episodes show how little free choice the delegates to next spring's Republican national convention are likely to have. The Republican National Committee is conducting a methodical purge of party ranks, and eliminating everyone who will not take its orders. By next spring, all the party machinery will be firmly in its hands. The signs are multiplying that the 1936 convention will be a repetition of that of 1920, when Harding was nominated by a little group of men in a smoke-filled hotel bedroom.

Ohio's votes have already been foreclosed by the action

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word was passed about that former Postmaster General Walter F. Brown was negotiating to have Ohio's delegation instructed for Hoover. Fletcher, Hilles and Roraback regard Brown as a valued associate in opposing liberals within their ranks, but they have no fondness for Hoover. They bestirred themselves, and two weeks ago arranged to have the Ohio delegates pledged to Representative Chester C. Bolton of Cleveland. Bolton was once connected with the steel industry, dislikes Hoover and hates the New Deal. No pretense is made that Bolton is a bona-fide presidential candidate; he will simply serve to prevent the Ohio delegates from expressing their individual choices until the bosses decide upon the nominee.

Within the last few days, Governor Alf M. Landon of Kansas (on his stationery his name is printed as "Alf" instead of "Alfred") has been widely boomed for the Republican nomination. This sudden prominence has come partly from the advertising that he has received from Democrats. Not only was there a violent attack on him by Harry Hopkins, but Mr. Roosevelt is supposed to have called him the most formidable candidate the Republicans could choose. Landon's Cleveland speech, two weeks ago, has been greatly admired by professional politicians. He warmly urged the need for a balanced budget, but at the same time stressed the government's obligation to provide adequate unemployment relief. In a fairly long speech, he managed to avoid taking a flat position on anything except common sense. He declared himself unreservedly in favor of common sense, saying, indeed, that "common sense must prevail." Politicians with whom I have talked recognize a master craftsman.

Postmaster General Farley's prestige suffered in the recent elections, although his candidate in the only statewide contest, A. A. (Happy) Chandler of Kentucky, won by a handsome margin. Once more there are insistent reports that Farley will soon leave the Cabinet. This time the reports are probably correct, for it was agreed months ago that he would resign well in advance of the 1936 campaign. However, Mr. Roosevelt's faith in Farley's sagacity is apparently unchanged, and he will continue to be the administration's chief strategist.

The belief among politicians is that Farley has missed the opportunity to become the first national boss since Mark Hanna. About one hundred and sixty thousand new jobs have been created under the New Deal, the great majority of which have been distributed through the Democratic National Committee. With the irresistible power of this patronage, Farley should have been able to build up loyalties to himself that would have permitted him to control the party's machinery for many years. In fact, he has not achieved a tenth of the personal authority among Democratic politicians that Hilles and Roraback, for example, have among Republicans. I hear it said that if he did not have Mr. Roosevelt behind him, Farley could not even be sure of controlling his own New York State delegation at next year's convention.

In the opinion of politicians, the reason for Farley's failure to advance his own authority has been his blind devotion to Mr. Roosevelt. After the 1932 election, the state bosses panted [illegible] enduring allegiance. But where Farley suspected that a boss was not an early, fervent admirer of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal, he refused to give him patronage, and tried to build up a rival leader in his locality. In New York, Michigan, Massachusetts and a number of other states, leaders who felt that Farley was not according them proper recognition have fought back, and have occasionally been victorious. This wrangling has been fatal to the idea of a unified national machine, and of Farley as national boss. But it's still too early for the boys to say "Poor Jim!"

T. R. B.

Washington.

# Other People's Money

*Chest-Thumping Patriots Bar the Peace Meeting, or Anything, or Profits, or Hair*
*—What Happened to Housing in Detroit*
*—Word from the Bankers' Throne*

NO ONE can move about America with [illegible] aware of the deep breathing and pomp [illegible] expansion of the one-hundred-percenters. Any [illegible] posal that seems to hit some entrenched interest [illegible] branded as "un-American" or "communistic," [illegible] as that label is tacked on a proposal or mov[illegible] argument becomes unnecessary.

In Akron, Ohio, I discovered that the ste[illegible] were busy in connection with a peace demon[illegible] day before last. It was sponsored by a[illegible] churches in the city—Protestant and Jewish, [illegible] olic as well, although I am not sure of th[illegible] chapter of the American League Against War [illegible] at Akron University (a recognized group th[illegible] rious student organizations. The peace advoca[illegible] to parade. They sought the aid of the two hi[illegible] bands which, I believe, had paraded with them [illegible] ceding year.

The patriotic superintendent of education refused to let the bands parade. American Legion stalwarts declared the parade and demonstration were a communistic plot and praised the superintendent because he wouldn't let his high-school bands play the music to march the United States into the arms of Russia under the guise of a peace movement. How Russia is to get hold of us by keeping out of war I do not know.

Here in Detroit, where I write this, the patriotic urge flames up on another front. Detroit got an appropriation from the P.W.A. to put up sixty-four buildings with over 750 apartments at a cost of $4,500,000 as a low-cost-housing project. But members of the Board of Aldermen are alive to the insidious threat to our civilization in this iniquity. It is the beginning of an attempt to sovietize America. A resolution was introduced into the council calling on the government to withdraw this project. At two committee meetings the resolution was approved. The matter came up again in some form while I was here.

"How far beyond these buildings is this thing going?" asked Councilman Lodge. "What's the next step? Will

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and sovietize everything? All this is contrary to the Constitution."

There is always a good reason for this juicy patriotism. Other protestants against the project were more frank. "I'm against the project," said one good lady. "It will bring in cheap people. It would reduce values."

That is really more to the point. But it is interesting too. The project is to be built on the edge of one of those real-estate developments for which Detroit was famous. These new accommodations will rent for from $20 to $30 a month. But this "exclusive" neighborhood that will be so impaired by the advent of "cheap" people has houses that now rent for the same sum.

*However, a real-estate man explained this.* They rent for only $20 to $30 now because things are not so good, he said. When prosperity returns, which will be very soon, the owners will be able to put up the rents. And these new houses will compete with them. These houses, of course, will tend to relieve the scarcity which they see developing and which will enable them to jack a few more dollars out of their tenants. It is a pretty philosophy. And of course it can be stated very much more forcibly in the accents of patriotism, leading to a denunciation of the new project as an attempt to sovietize our own United States.

Down in New Orleans a Salt Lake City banker who has just been made a vice-president of the American Bankers' Association has called upon that independent sovereign group within our borders—the bankers—to declare an embargo against the United States government. While England and France are imposing embargoes against the wicked Mussolini, American bankers will set up sanctions against America. The sanctions are to be an embargo on further lending of money to the government. Thus the bankers are to shut off America's credit as England shuts off credits to Italy. The idea is hailed in certain circles here in Detroit as an excellent one. The esteemed Detroit Free Press, presided over by the gentleman who was chairman of the board of one of the defunct banks of Detroit, declares this is something worth considering. Then he advances a profound reason in support of the idea. "The practice of the administration limits the bankers' ability to take care of private enterprises in need of funds for development." This is really a choice morsel.

Government borrowing actually puts more deposits in the bank, as any banker or depositor can explain to this newspaper. Bank deposits have increased enormously in the last two years under the influence of federal borrowing. The banks have several billions in funds they would not have had but for this borrowing. In simple truth, it is the piling up of funds in the banks through government financing, the enormous expansion of bank reserves, that is producing the threat of inflation through private borrowing, which all informed bankers fear.

However, aside from this interesting brand of cock-eyed economics, the incident serves to illustrate again the curious notion bankers have that they are an independent sovereign entity with which the government must deal on

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# The Picture of the "Bounty"

"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY" is one of the best pictures that have been made, and this is largely due to the facts it was made from. More than most violent acts, a mutiny is a striking thing, requiring strong causes and breeding strong results. And more than most mutinies, that of H.M.S. "Bounty" was part of an incredible chain of events, logical developments and illogical strokes of chance, ill winds, bitter privations, the sweet land breezes off islands—and all anchored to a few powerful characters: heroes who were villains and villains who turned great.

The zest and careful research of Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall are responsible for the present version of the story: without their books Hollywood would never have come near this gold mine. But Nordhoff and Hall were not shrewd creators of fiction—their "Mutiny on the Bounty" was sometimes dull and frequently ineffectual, when you came to separate their handling of the story from the story itself, and their best passages were those where they were transcribing testimony, quoting from logs. It remained for the movies to give the thing a strong line of action and a fictional body.

The picture that Frank Lloyd has made wastes little time on preparations in England—the pressing of the crew, the signing on of Byam, etc.—and uses this time to best advantage in setting up the main currents of the story. They come over the side of H.M.S. "Bounty" and there is all the packed confusion and bustle of a ship, at the dead center of it the captain in his thunder cloud; and before they leave there is a man flogged through the fleet, the flesh stripped from his bones in accordance with the printed word of Article XXI; and when they do leave there is a certain coördination of cameras, sound recordings and cutting that makes something strange and beautiful out of an old hulk the movies bought up and glued their properties to.

The whole tone of the picture, in fact, is set by this beauty they have found in ships and described with the true care and knowledge of the craftsman. The picture really gets under way when the ship gets under way, with everybody piling ashore and the captain's gig coming in, with matter-of-fact, routine yet portentous commands, and with the top-men letting go the canvas, the sails cracking and filling in the offshore breeze, and the helmsman spoking his big wheel over—"Steady as she goes, sir." And then with all the scurrying of men, up in her rigging and pelting down the decks, the ship slowly spreads her canvas and steadies on her course and becomes, slowly, a moving live thing, handsome and intricate, sighing with the wind and creaking in her timbers from the swell, standing up from her maindeck in a tower of sticks, sheets, halyards—damnation to manage and working a man's heart out. The details are right from start to finish, even the turksheads worked on the stanchions, the thin bos'n's pipes and chanteys. But all this life and commotion is principally a background: in the center of it is the camera's picture of the whole ship, looking up from the water's edge as she passes, swinging slowly from her foot up over her rigging and away, so that there is a great circular motion to the whole as the music

armed ship "Bounty" grow and gather herself in a great circle over the horizon.

This is the start, and as the ship goes down around Africa and up into the Southern Pacific, weeks and weeks, you begin to see life develop in the relations among the men. As the food rots and the water gets low and monotony grows and the men grumble with it, they are flogged, keel-hauled, knocked about, and the sense of Bligh as a cruel, inexorable force grows well. They make port and there is an interlude before they put out again, but within two or three days of departure so much insult has been added to so much injustice that the explosion comes, set off by chance, on the April morning when the chief officer takes over the ship.

From here on the actual story sprawls all over the ocean, but by virtue of such vivid action as the mutiny itself, the sequence of Bligh and his hard-bitten survivors, the device of having Bligh himself bring the "Pandora" back to the island as the mutineers leave in the mist, and the hurrying-up of the trial scene in England, the picture manages to hold it together. While the native Tahitian stuff is convincing enough to have its own kind of truth—the girls are fine, the drums are fine, the island is misty and lush, fine with trees and all that—it is pretty heavy stuff for a picture that runs over two hours. It might just as well have been cut to a length proportional with the trial scene, the wreck of the "Pandora," the landing on Pitcairn, the cruise of the "Bounty's" launch—all of which could have been longer, but gain marvelously from the way in which their high points have been selected and put together.

The putting together of static fragments into a live story is what is most wonderful about this picture anyway. Just as the most striking aspects of ships getting under way and standing out in a line are sifted out and worked into a motion that is something more than the motion of vessels through water, so the details of various actions are made up into patterns, and carried on from one to another. The action of the mutiny in particular has a brawling motion possible to no other art, with men pitched screaming out of the shrouds, blown down companionways, pinned to bulkheads and just plain battered in a frenzy of released hatred. And the incidents leading up to the violent overthrow are made vivid in terms of the medium—the swish and pistol crack of the lash, the sweating lean bodies, the terrible labor and ominous judgment from the quarterdeck. The ship and the ship's life open out here, but the film becomes grand by virtue of something more than quarterdecks and hurlyburly. It is the reworking of a large tragedy—men not only against the sea but against their own forces, both universal and particular.

Even if there were no other human touch in the picture, Charles Laughton in the part of Bligh would be enough to hold it together. He is able to lead the show, as a leader of men and as a man hounded by his own frenzy, in the face of whatever the show provides in the way of high adventure. He makes a foundation that stays solid even under the most towering passions and against the most violent sidethrusts of personal madness. He is genius itself and in an exacting part: he has never played a role of such devious subtleties and frank power and neither has anybody else in the movies. For his soundness of instinct, the range of his talent and perception, it should h[illegible] out, in his own way, fitting them. There is too much of a spread between his character and that of Fletcher Christian—whom Clark Gable nevertheless goes beyond his ordinary self to make a pretty believable figure, a plain good fellow with powerful voice and physique. And together with the empty uplift of the end, this confusion of issues is about the only thing in the picture that anyone could really quarrel with.

As Byam the spectator, Franchot Tone is up to what is asked of him, without giving the part any more. The native chief wears his lack of clothes with a fine simple dignity; and the crew is as fine a collection of tag-end types as you will see anywhere—Dudley Digges as the sawbones, Herbert Mundin, Donald Crisp, etc.—and it occurs to me that while we have seen these people before, there is something about the make-up and the fine spirit of the thing that takes them beyond their usual capacities—and makes them for these minutes on the screen the bullyboys and hearts-of-oak that the great country of England, with her great tall ships, has used for mean labor and battles, and cheered very handsomely some time after the battles and mean labor had worn them down to the bones, and committed these bones to the several (see Freedom of) seas.

OTIS FERGUSON.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## Sharp Words for/from C.R.

SIR: It may be of interest to the 60,000 subscribers of Consumers' Research to know the following facts concerning C.R.'s subscription policy. In renewing my annual subscription to the service, I accompanied my check with a letter in which I condemned the attitude of the Board of Directors toward their striking employees and pointed out that my renewal was *not* to be interpreted as approval of their policy. Shortly thereafter, I received a communication from Miss M. C. Phillips, enclosing a refund of my subscription money and informing me that the Board of Directors has "always taken the view that those who are not in agreement with our policy should discontinue their subscriptions."

The high-handed effrontery of this attitude needs no comment. I wish to call to the attention of C.R. subscribers, however, the fact that the Board of Directors evidently infer that those who have not written protesting letters (some 99 percent, they smugly inform me) are in complete agreement with their views, and that that select closed corporation, ostensibly organized for consumer benefit, cannot possibly undertake to benefit those benighted individuals who cannot see the light as the Bourbons who control C.R. see it.

PAUL MUESCHKE.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

## Greek Mask of Fascism

SIR: The restoration of the monarchy in Greece has been accomplished and sealed with the comedy of the plebiscite in which the people were ordered to vote under martial law, with the anti-monarchist leaders in prison and a regent already installed at the head of the government. . . . However, this comedy is a bloody drama for those directly involved. Under the mask of the restoration of the king is hidden the installation of a fascist dictatorship under the leadership of Kondylis and his followers. . . .

The fascist nature of this movement is clearly revealed by many signs and events. The swastika has been adopted by many groups of monarchists as their symbol. Hitler and Mussolini are extolled as the two greatest men of history. All oppo[illegible]

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hoodlums led by army officers. The most sinister feature of this aping of Hitlerism is the persecution of all liberals and intellectuals. Papanastasiou, the well known democratic leader, Papandreou, former Minister of Education, Demetrios Glinos and Kostas Varnalis have been sent to exile on a prison island in the Aegean Sea. The last two are left-wing intellectuals. Glinos is the foremost educator of Greece. . . . Kostas Varnalis is a lyric poet of great merit who has been given general European recognition. These two men for the past ten years have cast their lot with the working class of Greece. They attended the Congress of Soviet Writers held in Moscow in 1934 and they represented the Greek writers at the International Writers' Congress in Paris last June.

These are some of the indications of what we must expect from the government of Kondylis and its puppet king. The mother of democracy and civilization will experience a period of dark tyranny and suppression.

The Editors of Protoporos, Greek Literary Magazine.

New York City.

## More About a Grandmother

SIR: I want to thank you and Mr. Matthews for introducing me to his grandmother ["My Grandmother vs. Mr. O'Brien," The New Republic, October 23]. I can see that she knows what's what and will stand no nonsense. It is her kind of horse sense that is most needed in this country. I'll back her judgment every time. She knows (Mr. Matthews admits it) that Allan Seager and Dorothy McCleary and Elma Godchaux and Morley Callaghan are the pick of the bunch this year, and these four writers are the chief reason for any pontificating I may have been guilty of. (I plead innocence.) The old lady has courage and she would have grabbed the machine gun out of her grandson's hands if she had ever caught him with it. She would then have turned it at once on the New York reviewers who called Paul Engle "the fascist poet" because he got a good review in The New York Times. And then, just to show her real feelings, she would have asked Paul Engle in to supper and made him read his new Tom Mooney poem to the brasher radical critics who don't recognize their own friends.

But, my gracious, how Mr. Matthews can write and how well we should agree if we ever met! His grandmother and I are on his side and he doesn't know it.

Chicago, Ill. EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

## Head of the Scouts

SIR: In the September 25 issue of The New Republic I observed an editorial reference to a statement attributed to me upon my return from Europe last August.

It was my intent at the time of the interview to convey the thought that International Scouting in Germany no longer exists; that from certain things which were taking place in Germany it would seem that the boyhood of that country was being trained under the supervision of a national organization to disregard the Twelfth American Scout Law—"A Scout is reverent. He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties, and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion." I did intend to convey the thought that physically the German boys, whom I saw in training, looked strong and vigorous. . . .

The purpose of this letter is to attempt to convey to you accurate information, not to criticize the editorial above referred to. Your journalistic experience, no doubt, permits of the belief on your part that it is seemingly the easiest thing in the world to be misquoted in an interview without intent on the part of the interviewer to do so.

WALTER W. HEAD,

St. Louis, Mo. President, the Boy Scouts of America.

## Keep Freedom Ringing

SIR: It has been reported that "Let Freedom Ring" may close this week. "Let Freedom Ring" is one of the finest, truest, most moving labor plays that has ever been staged. It is a play workers [illegible] be a tragedy for the drama. If the men and women of New York fail to see the play, they will be eternally sorry.

We urge everyone to go to see "Let Freedom Ring" at once. It may save a play and it will give you—as it has given us—an unforgettable experience.

GRANVILLE HICKS, JAMES T. FARRELL, STANLEY BURNSHAW, LOREN MILLER, HORTENSE ALDEN, SAM JAFFE, CLIFFORD ODETS, HERMAN SHUMLIN, HERB KLINE,

Committee to Save "Let Freedom Ring."

New York City.

## From The New Republic Mail Bag

Refugees of all political faiths are being helped by the Emergency Committee in Aid of Political Refugees from Nazism, which maintains its American headquarters at 20 Vesey Street, New York City. The Committee points out that many Jewish refugees and others belonging to special groups have access to some kind of relief, but the tyranny of the present German regime falls upon persons of diverse races and beliefs and thus far there has been no organized attempt in America to offer help to all refugees no matter what the individual circumstances. A campaign is now under way to raise a fund of $250,000 to finance the Committee's relief work for the next two years. Francis A. Henson is executive secretary of the Committee.

A responsible correspondent in New York City who asks that his name be withheld sends us an interesting proposition. Emma Redell, former soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company and widely known American singer, is giving a concert at the Town Hall in New York City on January 20, 1936, this being her first New York recital since her return from the Soviet Union. Our correspondent wants to make the occasion a success. He offers to put up $300 to buy tickets for the concert if some person or group of persons will put up $300 to match his. The plan then is to give the $600 worth of tickets thus purchased to some worthy cause or organization. The organization will sell the tickets and keep the proceeds to carry on its own work. He makes this offer in good faith and if anyone wishes to accept his terms, we shall be pleased to transmit the offer to him.

Two offers of prizes arrive in this week's mail. The Jewish Publication Society of America is offering $2,500 for the best novel of Jewish interest submitted to the Society at its Philadelphia office, Broad and Spring Garden Streets, on or before April 15, 1936. The contest is open to anyone. The manuscripts must be submitted anonymously with the true name of the author in an accompanying sealed envelope and the winning manuscript becomes the property of the Society upon the announcement of the winner. The judges are Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Miss Fannie Hurst and Mr. Edwin Wolf, II. . . . From Cyril Clemens, president of the International Mark Twain Society at Webster Groves, Missouri, comes the announcement of the Society's Ninth Annual Essay Contest. A prize of $25 is being offered for the best paper of approximately 1,000 words on the subject, "Authors I Have Met," and Mr. Clemens says, "The essay may deal with one or more authors actually known, met, heard lecture, or even merely seen." Stephen Leacock will be chairman of the judges. All essays must reach the Society by June 1, 1936. . . . Miss Doris Benardete writes to tell us of the formation of the Union Against Reaction among teachers of Brooklyn College, in Brooklyn, New York. The Union plans to meet regularly once a month during the college year with a chief speaker at each meeting to be followed by group discussion.

Vigorous protests have recently come in from several quarters denouncing Police Commissioner Valentine of New York City for his refusal to permit a People's Parade Against Nazism, which was scheduled for November 21. The Anti-Nazi Federation of 168 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, is sponsoring the proposed parade, which is planned to protest against Nazi policies and against American participation in the 1936 Olympic Games. Reverend John Haynes Holmes, Professor George S. Counts, Waldo Frank and others have denounced the stand of the Police Commissioner and express a hope that he will retract his decision and

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# Historical Dramatical

*Parnell, by Elsie Schauffler. Ethel Barrymore Theatre, November 11, 1935.*

IT IS a pity that Mrs. Schauffler, the author of "Parnell," died before its Broadway production. Her play is dignified, in good taste, and able all through to hold the attention. There is, also, in it a curious kind of distance from the original material, distance in tension, in simplicity and character patterns. In such a play as this what success is achieved is often at the expense of history, which it benefits but slightly, and on the side of art, to which it is free to contribute in its own way.

At any rate, it is always interesting to see what a dramatist of any sort of knowledge, talent, taste or conscience is going to do with the more or less actual facts. There is first the matter of events. In "Parnell," to a certain extent, history has been followed as to events—for example, the hero dies only ten months before his actual death, while he is yet the lover of Mrs. O'Shea, and when he is just returned from meeting with his party leaders and hearing of Gladstone's policy and manipulations. In life Parnell had three children by Mrs. O'Shea and married her after the divorce from her husband; and Mrs. O'Shea, now Mrs. Parnell, lived down to 1921, when she died at the age of seventy-six. Parnell started as a young Irish gentleman. For some years it seemed that all he wanted was the life his father had led—one of leisure and social pleasures. His mother was an American and took pains to teach her children a good Revolutionary hatred of England, to which hatred Ireland, with its wrongs, could be handsomely added. Parnell in the course of things fell in love with a Miss Woods of Newport, and went back from the pleasures of Paris to arrange for her coming. But this was only to hear that she and her parents had suddenly returned to America and Newport; he, she said, was "only a gentleman" and she required distinction in a husband. Thus dashed privately, he felt in himself the stirrings of political ambition. His career in Parliament began with such a mastery of parliamentary procedure that he and his followers could hold up the affairs of the British nation for hours. This policy of obstruction was joined, after Parnell became leader of the party, to a policy of parliamentary means plus violent militancy. Home Rule was near when Gladstone got the scandal of Parnell's relations with Mrs. O'Shea sufficiently into the open to work morality as a cause, and so entangle the Irish party in a muddle of rivalries, principles and failure. Thirty-four bitter years were to pass before Home Rule became a fact.

So much for events, which the play simplifies to a singleness of line that is not a loss. As to quality, also, this historical play is interesting. The Parnell of facts is an excitable man of immense tenacity, and on a more hectic side capable, for instance, of saying, when President Grant in 1876 declined to receive a certain Irish congratulatory address save through the British Ambassador, that the President was "a vulgar old dog." The aunt of Mrs. O'Shea was a lady of great wealth, wit and taste, spirited

Such a degree of simplification is within the dramatic artist's rights, but it is not wholly necessary. In a play like "Parnell" it is easy to imagine a great deal more of richness, variety, power and complexity of character than appears among the divers roles. What we can say is that the portraits are clear and the motifs clear—for example, the pious hypocrisy of Gladstone, which is employed to good purpose. We have left with us a sense of gentle and true forces in life, and an impression of the idea of beauty. The whole piece is pervaded by a certain beauty of mind. It has not what we might call power. But it has a persuasive searching, a distinct and almost noble stream throughout.

The amount of clean, sharp directing that Mr. Guthrie McClintic has done is perhaps the most notable thing about the production of "Parnell." There can be no doubt that a certain firmness of line is added to the play by the solidarity of the director's method here. At first sight, Miss Margaret Rawlings might be esteemed as giving of all the performances the very best. This is not really true. Miss Rawlings brought to her part a lovely voice and appearance, and a right wearing of her perhaps too noticeable costumes. In the first half of the play her portrayal is admirable, very delicate and gentle and touching. In the scene where she goes with her aunt to see Gladstone and pleads for Parnell, the defects of Miss Rawlings' playing are immediately evident. No doubt she had the idea for the scene as she stood in the wings before her entrance; but, once on the stage, Miss Rawlings mostly rested, falling back on the engagement of the lovely. Her method still lacks—though it has greatly improved—what it lacked when she played in "The Venetian" here several seasons ago. It sings itself into a certain obliviousness and self-absorption, a private romance not always sufficiently shared with the scene.

Mr. Curzon at first appeared badly cast. Limitations in the voice and magnetism promised to cut down his performance. As a matter of fact, his performance steadily improved; at its best his acting had something of real drama, distinction and subtle intelligence. Mr. John Emery as O'Shea had an ungrateful part, but, in his kind of late D'Orsay make-up, and his resignation to caddish glamors, he conveyed unflinchingly the effect intended. Miss Effie Shannon, the aunt whose devotion, wits and purse made Mrs. O'Shea's life a possibility, was excellent. The smaller roles of the play were unusually well cast, Mr. Edward McNamara, Miss Ruth Matteson, Miss Phyllis Connard. Mr. Alexander Frank's Gladstone had to sustain a most important scene in the play's development. His performance seemed flawless. The demands of the role in this case were not, of course, so special and dynamic as in Mr. Curzon's for Parnell; and in judging the two performances, it is necessary to remember the differences between a single stage entity, a continuous impression, and a role that is put through a great variety of tests in technique and in quality.

Mr. Stewart Chaney's Victorian drawing-room was a charming success. His many excellent toilettes for the ladies were somewhat more apt as clothes than as dramatic costumes.

That "Parnell"

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# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## Toward Collectivism?

MR. CHASE, up to now, has filled a unique role: a skillful shallow-water diver, he has been very successful in plunging into cloudy pools of unassorted economic data and emerging with shiny little fish that we can all see and admire. This, undoubtedly, is an important function; and because of his gusto, his fine sense of social justice and his willingness to inform himself about all the current fads, fancies and aberrations, he has been responsible for the stimulation if not of the minds, at any rate the emotions, of a vast number of well meaning but economically and politically illiterate people. We have thrilled with Mr. Chase at the great advances made by technology, lamented with him over the wastes of the competitive system, admired those primitive lands where men still were able to produce goods simply for their own use and—some of us—have longingly looked with him into that technocratic crystal in which could be seen, as the mighty leaders of the future, strong and silent engineers and statisticians controlling the social mechanism. If occasionally a doubt has arisen as to how precisely the present mess was to be cleaned up, that was only fleeting, for Mr. Chase has always written with such a breathless eagerness about the latest things he has discovered that we have been compelled to concentrate all our effort on the physical task of just keeping up with him.

Apparently Mr. Chase himself has been entertaining suspicions that indignation is not quite enough; and in his latest book[1] he sets himself the task of showing the way to the solution of the central problems of our age—the attainment of security and abundance. One is compelled to report that this time, unfortunately, Mr. Chase has gone off the deep end. Not only does he not bring up any little fish, but he himself has disappeared in the vast and finny deep. Technically, as a writer, Mr. Chase has lost none of his old skills; but virtually every page of his book shows his lack of political and historical equipment to deal with the question of how a dying system is going to be got rid of once and for all.

Mr. Chase wants to see the good life realized here and now and he knows that the physical resources exist for building it. Collectivism, says Mr. Chase, must take the place of capitalism; but his idea of collectivism is something strange to behold. It means the growing penetration of the state into the field of private enterprise; it includes regulation of major industries, government control without ownership, and public ownership; and it is to be found in varying degree in the United States, Sweden, England, Uruguay, Mexico, Italy, Germany and the Soviet Union. Thus, the A.A.A.'s crop-reduction program in the interest of price maintenance is collectivism; so is the R.F.C.'s dealing in worthless utility and bank stocks; so is the Italian corporate state; so is Sweden's freezing of the status quo on the basis of the continuance of an exploited laboring population; so is Denmark's hard-pressed agricultural system of coöperatives. Collectivism also exists in the Soviet Union.

[illegible] the United States is how[illegible] Mr. Chase desires by stealing up on capitalism unto push the good fight so that what has already been partially achieved can be consolidated into a complete victory. Starting out with the legitimate assumption that the vitality of capitalism has been sapped because of its inability to continue finding outlets in productive enterprise for its accumulations, Mr. Chase very justly contends that it must be the function of the state to carry on if we are not to lose all the great benefits of capitalism's progressive epoch. We want and can realize social security and economic abundance. The method is through more government—the present government—in more business, through either public control or public ownership of the key industries.

Mr. Chase's breakdown of these industries indicates that all the natural resources, all the enterprises creating capital goods, and all the units producing consumers' goods in the fields of food, clothing and shelter, are affected with a public interest. This is the wide, almost all-inclusive domain in which the state is to operate. To achieve the collectivist ideal, therefore, the state is first to regulate production, prices and capital accumulations; when and if private enterprises can no longer function profitably, the state will supplant them. How? At what valuation will the state pay for these bankrupt properties? Where will it get the funds to service the growing public debt? And what will the increasing body of rentiers do with their savings? Mr. Chase does not say. And he seems to indicate inferentially that even the great monopoly industries, which so effectively have maintained their price structures and profits in the face of declining production and government regulation, must sooner or later supplicate the state to buy them out at bargain rates. For obviously Mr. Chase's stratagem will not work if the government is left with wrecked railroads, coal mines and insurance companies on its hands, while finance capitalists continue in control of steel, automobiles, agricultural implements and chemicals.

If such questions inevitably arise, it must be pointed out that they are not central and that Mr. Chase's real error lies in his confused reading of what is taking place in the modern world today. Outside of the Soviet Union, in all these countries he has lumped together the movement is not toward collectivism; it is rather toward a growing extension of state capitalism. The state, in short, increasingly is being forced to come to the assistance of those capitalist activities which can no longer maintain themselves because they have been shorn of their expansive capacities. Just so the state, in England in the seventeenth century and in France in the eighteenth century, sought to shore up collapsing medieval institutions by making bargains with and offering occasional concessions to the aggressive commercial and industrial bourgeoisie. But when compromises no longer could be effected, when a choice between decaying medievalism and progressive capitalism had to be made, the state revealed clearly where its real loyalties were to be found: and it had to be transformed first before a change in social and economic direction could be inaugurated. The modern state also has its loyalties, and it too will have to be transformed before we can move far in the direction of real collectivism. We shall never achieve the new synthesis

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# Action and Charity

*The Dog Beneath the Skin, or, Where Is Francis? A play by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. New York: Random House. 161 pages. $1.50.*

W. H. AUDEN has emerged rapidly from the soliloquy darkened by private associations, a form that might have hampered him for a longer time. His first dramatic efforts, "Paid on Both Sides" and "The Dance of Death," were founded on the feeblest possible dramatic framework: the charade. He has written, in the present play, with the competent aid of Christopher Isherwood, a long, highly amusing revue, whose satire is so deft that it may stand, without cutting a sorry figure, beside the early Gilbert. Along with the satirist's wit, the imagination of a poet and the broad humor of a sane young man are also involved.

Auden's play is closer to the original music-hall entertainment so admired, in the nineties, as a refuge from the torpid, affected art and literature current at that time, than Eliot's "Sweeney Agonistes" or Cocteau's "Orphée," derived from the same source. It is less dependent on pure queerness than Cocteau's play, and it is not heavily symbolic, like Eliot's. It is a light-hearted yet fundamentally grave parable of the noble youth who descends from his class to give humanity in general a hard and unprejudiced stare.

The hero, Alan, accompanied by a comic dog called, after its quarry, Francis, sets out from the ideal English village in search of the lost noble heir. The two make their progress through the symptomatic institutions of a debased and lunatic society in the leisurely but erratic manner of all innocent pilgrims steered by an author's moral indignation, from Christian and Gulliver on. They are accompanied on certain stages of their journey by the press in the person of two journalists who comment, aid, abet, prod, rescue, sympathize and interpret. They take boat and train journeys; they invade a tottering monarchy, a night-town, a Fascist insane asylum, a rest-cure for self-poisoned egoists, an operating theatre and a de-luxe hotel. The Dog, in spite of a lamentable taste for double whiskies, served in a bowl, shows remarkable cleverness and devotion throughout. He proves his true valor when the simple-hearted Alan falls into the clutches of a night-club entertainer; he casts his skin and stands up from it revealed as Sir Francis Crewe, the object of Alan's search. The two, in their roles of the seeker and the found, return to the village as comrades. Alan sees all in a new light and the one-time Dog sums up, in public, his general feelings about the world seen from below:

> As a dog, I learnt with what a mixture of fear, bullying and condescending kindness you treat those whom you consider your inferiors, but on whom you depend for your pleasures. It's an awful shock to start seeing people from underneath. . . . You are units in an immense army: most of you will die without ever knowing what your leaders are fighting for or even that you are fighting at all. Well, I am going to be a unit in the army of the other side.

Auden and Isherwood are by no means the first young members of the English upper class who have pilloried their caste. Even the rather unsettled Sitwells have put down, in terms far from uncertain, the grotesque antics of members of the three estates. The most noticeable ingredient in Auden's attitude is his lack of [illegible] blame. He surveys the scene from above and below; he gives it elevation, section and plan, but he does not rant against it. The hysterical, the gloomy, the portentously righteous and solemn note is missing, yet the power of his indictment is not diminished because of its absence. And there is a hint given from time to time that it is man's present (and perhaps future) partial capacity for sense and for good, his defective and divided nature, that helps to distort the scene.

To men of action, pity is sentimental and insight into the human heart unnecessary. To a poet, pity and insight may also kindle the fire of action and sharpen the pen in the hand. Auden fearlessly incites to action, after he has shown that what must be fought are not only the outer horrors but also the flesh on the bones and the stupidity in the veins:

> You have wonderful hospitals and few good schools:
> Repent.
> The precision of your instruments and the skill of your designers is unparalleled:
> Unite.
> Your knowledge and your power are capable of infinite extension:
> Act.

Auden has now proved himself capable of real power over his material. His poetic endowment, remarkable from the beginning, is gaining in depth and scope. He is a fine poet and he has written a good play, his convictions and his charity within it.

LOUISE BOGAN.

# A Hemingway You'll Never Be

*Green Hills of Africa, by Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 295 pages. $2.75.*

IT USED to be pretty exciting, sitting down to read a new book by Hemingway, but now it's damn near alarming. I can remember the time when he was just a big brother, and we thought his strong-arm stunts were swell, especially as they upset our elders considerably. We thought it was great stuff to have a he-man writer on our side for a change. And it wasn't just that he turned the tables on the grown-ups (they're always pushovers sooner or later), but the way he thumbed his nose at his highbrow playmates —the boys that led the class in composition—and made them like it.

Of course he had it all over us little post-war boys, but we knew that and we didn't really mind it. We hadn't had his advantages and there was no use kidding ourselves. We hadn't been to war and we hadn't learned how to write by cabling newspaper dispatches and picking the kernels of sense out of Gertrude Stein's earnest chaff—how to put irony in your sentences and pity in your paragraphs. We knew there was only one Hemingway and it was a good way to be and it was a way we'd never be. O. K., that was all right with us, mister. And what's the trouble now?

Well, the trouble seems to be that he's gone on a month's shooting trip in Africa and then written a book about it. And why not? No reason, no reason at all; only the things he says in the book would have gone just as well (better) in a letter to some pal. He thinks he can write a piece about anything and get away with it. He probably can, too. But it isn't the hot stuff he says he know

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it's news when a writer announces that nobody can share his feelings but it's literature to announce the fact.

And speaking of literature, which Hemingway seems to be getting fond of doing—he can't keep it up much longer, this front of being the square-shouldered outdoor guy who just puts down what he sees. Sees? That fellow knows how to read, just like T. S. Eliot, and don't let him fool you. He has somebody in his book say, "It was wonderful when we heard him bellow. It's such a sad sound. It's like hearing a horn in the woods." Hell, I know that line myself. *("Dieu, que le son du cor est triste au fond des bois.")* And he's getting to be a lazy writer. Nobody but a lazy writer is going to let stuff like this get by him: "We did not want to fire any shots where we were going except at rhino in order not to scare them, and we needed meat"; or silly stuff like "Since a long time we had all felt good about Karl's rhino." And all this laying down the law—what he said to me, and what I said to him, and boy, did I floor him.

You might think I didn't like the book. Well, in a way I didn't; it kind of griped me. I kept wishing he'd quit telling us what a hot shot he is and do a little real shooting—at something more alive than fellow pot-hunters or kudu-snatchers. That fellow can write when he really tries. There are spots of first-rate reporting in "Green Hills of Africa." In fact, the book is lousy with them—if you see what I mean. T. S. Matthews.

# Imperial America

*Manifest Destiny, by Albert K. Weinberg. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 572 pages. $4.50.*

RATIONALIZATIONS of national interest always waver between the pragmatic and the mystic—with a heavy weighting toward the mystic—when it comes to the manufacture of popular cliché. In American history no magic syllables have had a more varied interpretation than those of "Manifest Destiny." Even before the term was coined (about 1810) it was a working formula of policy. No matter how different the objectives to which it has been applied, it has always been a powerful symbol, behind which popular support could be mobilized.

Dr. Weinberg, exploring the origins and evolution of the concept, finds that it has been made to cover every possible sort of pretext for expansion. In the earlier period at least, the idea was clothed in more mythological or religious terms—natural right, geographical predestination, the destined use of the soil, the extension of the area of freedom and the true title to the mission of regeneration of the outer breeds, the "laws" of natural growth and of political gravitation, the white man's burden. Since the Civil War more explicit interpretations of "Manifest Destiny" have been put forth, such as paramount interest in the Caribbean region and perhaps even throughout Latin America, political authority in the American hemisphere; self-defense for American territory by way of control, direct or indirect, of communications and, finally, the right of intervention based upon the doctrine of international police power. Whether these more recent formulas are in fact any more precise is of course, as Dr. Weinberg points out, open to question: the sublimation of interest has not infrequently been put in terms as mystic as those of the most florid orators of the early nineteenth century. And its most recent translation by President Wilson from the material to the more imma- does not conform to his particular methods and tastes. Even th[illegible] he wants to be just, he unconsciously distorts or

Dr. Weinberg's study is encyclopedic in its inclusiveness; there are more than 1,900 citations. No mention, however, is made of so important a figure as George Saunders, or of such a vital movement as "Young America," which has made important contributions to the ideology of "Manifest Destiny." And it is to be regretted that Dr. Weinberg did not explore more thoroughly the economic implications of policy and the interest-groups that often made them explicit. On the whole, "Manifest Destiny" is somewhat lacking in emphasis and interpretation, but as a source book in the dicta of diplomacy it is indispensable.

Phillips Bradley.

# Pound as Critic

*Make It New, by Ezra Pound. New Haven: Yale University Press. 407 pages. $3.75.*

APART from its being the first representative collection of Ezra Pound's essays to be published in fifteen years, "Make It New" is of exceptional interest because it gives us the selected criticisms of one of the few notable poets writing today. It embraces a variety of subjects ranging from Cavalcanti to Henry James and Rémy de Gourmont, yet it is by no means a miscellany. In fact, as Pound rightly contends, it has a plan, an order of its own.

Readers should be warned, however, that Pound's notion of order is likely to differ as much from theirs as it does from order of the sort discernible in an essay by T. S. Eliot. It happens that Eliot's criticism owes a considerable debt to Pound, many of its fundamental principles being admittedly pinched from him. Indeed, part of Eliot's merit as well as his greater popularity are due to his having taken over Pound's major procedures and given them an order and general tone acceptable to conventional persons. His tact in such matters is of course in every respect that of one to the manner born. But though Pound's work lacks this formal kind of order, it has a very definite unity of purpose —a unity resulting from a profound concentration on the *living* values in literature.

Pound is intent, first and last, on seizing the qualities in a man's work that form a permanent contribution to the art of writing and are as valid today as they were yesterday and will be tomorrow. The essay on Arnaut Daniel, for example, is an attempt to extract the vital elements from Daniel's verse and to use them as the basis for a detailed examination of speech in its relation to music. One finds a similar concern with essentials in the study of Henry James, which is at once a consideration of the ethical and sociological aspects of James's novels and a general defense of the social utility of art.

The direction of Pound's criticism is determined almost wholly by his sensibility. And as we should expect from an artist of his stature, this sensibility is of no ordinary kind. It declares itself most eloquently in the keen esthetic discernment, the freshness of perception, the brilliant intuitions and collocations that dot his pages. As a critical method, however, it has certain important limitations. The effort of appreciation tends to be restricted to writers who exhibit interests similar to one's own and, what is more serious, a self-indulgence is encouraged that renders the critic's opinions unreliable or at best "provocative." This is Pound's position and it leads him to discredit whatever

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abetted the inventor's fixation upon money and mechanism, as surrogates for a good life.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

# The Lesson of the Master

*Cézanne, by Gerstle Mack. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 475 pages, illustrated. $5.*

CEZANNE was not the kind of artist to leave or encourage a legend. His life is hardly more than a record of the labor, discontent, and ruthless patience that produced his pictures. Mr. Mack makes short shrift of the "shadowy, half-mad genius, a violent, hysterical bundle of eccentricities," conjured up by journalists and baffled professors. But a biographer's advantages are also his problems: the life of a great artist is likely to be as obscure as it is simple. It is not strange that the first book attempting to find and use all the available documents on Cézanne's life, and to present them free of both fictional inflation and appreciative padding, should be appearing now, thirty years years after his death.

Mr. Mack's work at once becomes a basis for any future understanding of Cézanne's personality, and of the conditions that produced his paintings. The shrewd and astringent bourgeois character of his Provençal fathers may have been a strange lineage for Cézanne's "unworldly genius," but it may also have contributed to the austere rigor that schooled his humble self-conquest and fostered the endless study of natural forms on which he labored throughout his life. It may also have a good deal to do with his indifference to the artistic milieu of his times, his failure to gain access to the local and Parisian salons which he

than Mr. Mack gives is certain to be required. But whatever lack his book shows on this score, its contribution to our knowledge of a master is too great—in new documents, in corrective criticism, and even in printing Cézanne's poems in an appendix—to justify regrets over this defect. Mr. Mack's chief reward is likely to come in finding that his work has set a date in our understanding of Cézanne's real part in the history of modern painting.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

# Books in Brief

*Life and Letters Today. Vol. 13, Number 1, Edited by Robert Herring and Petrie Townsend. 26 Maiden Lane, London, W.C. 2. Quarterly numbers, 2/6; annual subscription, 10/6.*

HERE IS an English quarterly that has fallen into new hands and been revivified by adding a word to its former title. Legible typography, good heavy paper, format comparable to that of The Yale Review. Some 225 pages of reading matter, numerous departments—editorial, newsreel, articles, poetry, stories, reviews of music, theatre and books, a movie section of twenty-odd pages, including the first half of an essay by Eisenstein on "Film Form 1935; New Problems." This, and some pertinent home truths delivered by André Gide at the Paris International Congress of Writers for the Defense of Culture, would be the high spots of the number, which also includes certain repetitive cadences of Gertrude Stein's, dealing with English and American language in literature. The names of other contributors are more or less familiar, various literary generations are represented and there has evidently been a

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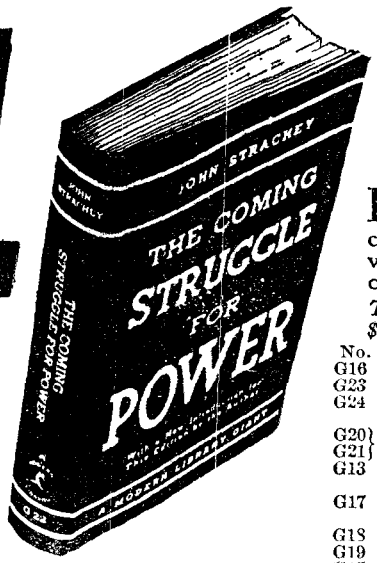


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## Contributors

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The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Rolfe Humphries, Dr. David Beres, Newton Arvin and S. L. M. Barlow.


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For the gist of TSA see New Republic, October 30, page 344, bottom left.


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*The Patient's Dilemma, by S. A. Tannenbaum and Paul M. Branden. New York: Coward-McCann. 292 pages. $2.50.*

This book, the subtitle of which is "A Public Trial of the Medical Profession," sets out to expose the charlatanism existing in the practice of medicine. But this is a trial in which the brief of the prosecution, even though impassioned, is so devoid of evidence that a jury could not even indict the defendant, much less convict. The authors' method is a sensational description of all the possible ways of being dishonest in the practice of medicine. It leaves the reader with the impression that all doctors (except a very few including the senior author, who is a physician) are crooks, that it is impossible to make a living in medicine honestly. That the abuses described exist no one will deny. But we may ask for evidence of the extent of these abuses, for a detailed account of the efforts of organized medicine to control them, for a consideration of the basic causes of their existence. These matters the authors do not take up. The book concludes with a sketchy outline of a plan for socializing medicine, which is so incomplete as to render judgment impossible. Altogether this is a worthless book on a vital subject. D. B.

*Literature and Society, by Albert Guérard. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. 451 pages. $3.*

The critical quality of this arch and chatty book may be indicated by two quotations from a single chapter, the chapter on "The Economic Environment." In alluding to Marxism (for he cannot be said seriously to discuss it), Professor Guérard observes: "Between material opportunities and human development, the connection is not always inevitable. Between prosperity and cultural achievements, there may be an abyss." Eight pages later, having left such thoughts well behind him, he declares: "It is riches that make art as a whole possible. . . . Commerce, creator of riches, is the essence of our civilization." It is around such hairpin curves as this that the nervous reader must attempt to follow Professor Guérard as he makes his speedy way, finely unconscious of soft shoulders and ugly detours, over the risky roads of criticism. He deals, in one chapter or another, with a good majority of the great critical questions, and succeeds with almost inspired consistency in throwing no light on any of them. N. A.

*Friends and Fiddlers, by Catherine Drinker Bowen. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 261 pages. $2.*

This is the first proper book I have seen on what might be called the domestic symphony. It is completely adult, wise and witty; so charmingly done that it is specially recommended to people who, like Dr. Johnson, hate music. Virtuosi will not like the book, for it deals with music rather than with performers and particularly with the music anyone can perform. The book has no trace of the aroma that clings to products of overrich foundations and music schools. Only through the penetrating account of one woman's adventure is the moral pointed: that any home


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